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"CHERUB"—A BIT OF COLLEGE REALISM.

"LIT." PRIZE SKETCH.

"THERE'S no place like home," and the voices of the dancers sounded a trifle tired as they dragged a little behind the noisy strains of the last waltz. The Sophomore reception was over. "Cherub" had gone in a party of one. Yes, he always went "stag" to the dances, owing to a rather reluctantly admitted feeling that he could not get just the fellows that he wished to dance with his sisters, if he happened to have them; and again he did not want his relatives to witness the distressingly insignificant part that he played in his class. Almost every man was to be identified by some peculiar act or accomplishment, but he seemed to be but an echo of a name. He had encouraged himself in the belief that he was having a good time until the fellows stole his dances with unblushing impunity, and he

was left, small, awkward and discomfited in the middle of the room, while his partner that was to have been, flitted away with a reckless, guilty smile.

Now he felt tired and disgusted. His clothing stuck to him with a cold, clammy persistence, and he dragged one foot after the other in a nerveless, flagging manner, as if he had danced all his energy away through the soles of his patent-leathers. Coming out into the cool morning air he gave an involuntary shiver. So wrapping a huge black neckerchief around his throat, and turning up his over-coat collar, he took out a package of cigarettes, lighted one, plunged his little hands in his pockets and sauntered from "University" down University Place.

"I won't go to bed for two hours' sleep, and I'm too nervous to sleep any way," he mused as he turned by the Observatory to cross the campus.

"Well, even that poor duffer is happier than I am." A tramp, fast asleep, occupying the niche in the wall of the Observatory, provoked this reflection. "Yes, you expect nothing better than to be snubbed and trod upon, but my birth and station gave me reason to expect a different reception from the world. You do not expect more than you get, poor fool, and yet I'll bet you grumble just as soon as you open your eyes." The shadows had been shortening very quickly. All the purple was fading away in the east; first, the towers of the Scientific building, the chapel and "Old North"; then the low, gray dormitories, and now the trees, were tipped with fire. The whole world seemed to be yawning and stretching itself for action. The birds in the trees had attempted a few uncertain notes and were now essaying some difficult cadenzas; a sharp whistle came from the direction of the canal, and some farm wagons rumbled down the street. The rays continued to lengthen, until suddenly the great red ball shot up above the roof of "West." The glaring light struck the eyes of the tramp, who roused himself sluggishly and yawned.

"Wall, who yur starin' so darn much at?"

"Chub" started, then he stammered "I—I was only wondering whether you were com—comfortable."

"How in thunder kin ye expect a feller to be comf't'ble in that persition, ye durned little sawed-off dude?"

"Cherub" passed on. "Even tramps don't miss an opportunity to jump on me," thought he.

Arthur Cherry had been "Cherub" ever since one of his classmates, the big, burly left-guard, saw the diminutive figure, the soft round face and blushing cheeks down at the "'Varsity" grounds. The little fellow had tried to return a ball that had gone out of bounds and only succeeded in missing his aim and wrenching his leg. The mud-begrimed, shock-headed giant, looking at the dainty figure before him, with a quizzical smile had said, "Well, that's not bad for you, 'Cherub.'" Up to that time he had been to the world, *Arthur H. Cherry*, then this triple security for his identity was lost and he became simply "Cherub." He was such a bright, ambitious boy; pretty, except for a glass eye; but he came to college too early, and he would graduate on the morrow, the youngest, one of the brightest, and the most unpopular fellow in his class.

"I wish I could go away somewhere by myself. Gad! I envy Robinson Crusoe's opportunity, and yet I don't see why I'm so universally *de trop*. I try to be companionable and agreeable. I even cultivated a mild habit of swearing and smoking so that they would not think me a prig."

Yes, poor little bundle of unattractive habits and manners, his oaths came from his lips with a meretricious recklessness that was very droll, and his spurious attachment to smoking was a mock-heroic. Whenever he tried to be "one of the boys," he presented himself in a ridiculous light to his fellow-students and suffered a keen blow to his own self-esteem. Some not over-considerate classmates had guyed him about his "mincing sparrow-steps." He had immediately lengthened them to the full swinging stride, cultivated by mile runners, and so had attained a pseudo dignity. Many of his set, if he belonged to any specific

group of the class, except to that presided over by Arthur H. Cherry—many of his associates then, to be more accurate, had begun going down to the athletic field, in the spring, for the purpose of jumping, running or vaulting. He was also enticed down by the exciting, eager remarks and descriptions that usually bubbled over at the supper table, when they had just finished their exercise. He tried walking, that safe refuge for all athletes who have not discovered any forte; but he could not get the motion; "wasn't on to the wobble," as Morton, the genius, at that ridiculously unnatural sort of locomotion, had remarked. And after succeeding only in getting very red in the face, very much out of breath, very sick at the stomach and very much laughed at, he gave it up and stuck to his old swinging gait.

As "Cherub" proceeded toward "Reunion" he saw a strange sight. He stopped and his manner expressed immediate disapproval. "I suppose those fellows think they are enjoying themselves. Gad! what consummate asses men can be!" This uncomplimentary soliloquy was occasioned by the appearance of a dozen or more Seniors who had just returned from the dance and were playing "horse" ball in front of Witherspoon. A barrel stave was the bat, a ripped tennis-ball served in the capacity of a base-ball and dance cards were the bases. The following came to his ears:

"Now that's right—Get on your toes—Swat it a nasty one—Keep your eyes peeled there, Jimmy, that pitcher's pretty foxy, you know—Ya-a-ay, that's a corker—Come in everybody—You fellows are fruit."

Cherub took his cigarette from his mouth and spat angrily on the ground in his Lilliputian wrath. "Now that's what I call pure assininity. I wonder if they're talking English. Humph! talk about dialects and provincialisms. What did those fellows come to college for, any way?" asked Cherub, in dry sarcastic tones. "And yet they get a great amount of amusement out of it—I think I

must be peculiarly constituted—Oh! there's Bert Hollister. Hello! Bert, going across the campus?"

"Yes," came reluctantly from a tall figure striding toward the cannon.

"Been to the dance, Bert?" he asked, hurrying up.

"Well, this rig looks sort of that way, doesn't it?"

"Oh! I didn't notice; but who are these fellows?"

"'88 men."

"What are they doing?"

"Can't you see? having a mock circus."

"Who's that fat fellow?" was "Cherub's" next question, as he slid his hand, in a way meant to be familiar and friendly, on the shoulder of his terse, abrupt companion, who seemed to shrink away as from an unwelcome caress or as if some one had "invaded his personality," to phrase it after the manner of one of the philosophical contingent. "Cherub" always had an unfailing supply of silly questions, which he profusely lavished on every occasion. He said he could not forgive a lack of tact in any one and yet, poor little unfortunate! he had a heavy load of sins that he must forgive himself on that very score.

Four other Seniors joined these two, in that customary method of raillery and badinage common to college men. "Cherub" tried to join in "Hello, Al? you look as tired as—as Bert does when he tries to think, Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"How excruciatingly funny!—Well, 'Cherub,' a man with no sense at all could have guessed that I was tired, and one who had seen me work through twenty-seven dances would be supposed to know it."

The four friends with Bert huddled closer together and "Cherub" found himself somehow apart from the rest. He took a few steps toward them, "Say, fellows, who is that big duffer?"

The answer came with a brusque frankness, characteristic to the campus. "That is the greatest tackle that ever wore a Princeton jacket, and any man who has ever heard of Princeton is supposed to know him."

The said duffer was shouting at the top of his lungs: "Ladies and gentlemen, Monsieur Vermicelli, the Honolulu contortionist will now perform his most difficult trick of leaping over fifteen feet four inches of solid iron." A huge mass of bone and flesh—principally the latter—weighing in the neighborhood of two hundred and twenty, ambled out into the circle, around the cannon and bowed low with a coquettish smirk on his face. "Bet you a Hankin's you can't do it, Bob," came from the crowd.

"I'll take you, and we'll make it milk-shakes, gentlemen." He rushed up to the old cannon, placed his hands on it, leaped, and then tumbled with a crash. "Ya-a-a-ya, heads out for Hankin's," and the merry crew joined hands and circled around the cannon with school-boy glee, which seemed just a trifle incongruous when you noticed that most of them wore beards.

"Say, I'm tired of this. Let's go to our rooms," pleaded "Cherub" in his high, piping voice.

"Can't 'sight' you, yet, 'Cherub,'" came from the crowd, and then "Cherub" saw what he should have seen twenty minutes before. So he went away with a sad, disappointed air as he trudged toward "Dod." He was angry and sullen, and the tone of the matin bell, sounding from the little Catholic church, sweet, peaceful and mellowed by the distance, had not its old charm for him.

"Mister, gimme a shot?" asked a little town mucker who had a basket of potatoes on his arm.

Now, if there was one thing more than another that "Cherub" was punctilious about, it was the matter of dress. He was scrupulously neat and a veritable Chesterfield in the prompt adoption of a new style. The fellows often twitted him for being too aristocratic for corduroys and boots, which they one and all donned in the winter season, and he was often called the "'runt' Ward McAllister," behind his back. Thus, the prospect of having his clothes soiled by a potato was particularly offensive to him. The little mucker repeated his petition. "Say, mister—" "Cork up,"

said "Cherub," striving after a deep, stern intonation. He turned, and his back tingled with anticipation of the missile sure to come as soon as he was a convenient distance away. It did come—thwack—and over keeled his hat in the dirt. Even the glass eye flashed indignation.

"You d—— little mucker, I'll——"

"Now, now, 'Cherub,' you not going to let a little potato disturb your philosophic calm?" This was said in a mock reproachful tone, by a tall, kind looking fellow who was standing by the dormitory entrance.

"It wasn't only the potato," he flashed out, choking down a sob, as he rushed angrily up stairs. When he opened his door his little fox hound leaped upon him with a bark of delight, and immediately received a sharp cuff on the head. Accustomed only to the very gentlest treatment from those hands, the little animal slunk away to the floor and whined. "Shut up! What have you got to whimper about? Keep quiet when you're hurt, you fool."

The dog looked up beseechingly in his master's face. "Cherub" stooped, patted him, and then broke down.

Ralph Duffield Small.

TWO VIEWS OF IT.

THE Past, great vista that stretches away
To the vanishing-point of the mind's dismay!—
I know that its flying echoes ring
Down the aisles of thought, and ever bring
Vast, voiceless feelings, like speechless prayer,
To the soul that will wait and watch for it there.
And yet, and yet,—I sometimes think,
That I'd rather lie on the pleasant brink
Of the brimming Present, and watch the streams,
Of its shifting currents, its passing dreams,
Its shallow drifts and its under-tow,

That strain my eyes toward the long ago;
That I gather more from the life that I see,
Learn better and deeper humanity
Than ever I could from the peerless few,
Who lived as only the great can do.
That the shimmering sun on the elm's young leaves,
And the wavering lights that twilight weaves,
With the balmy air when the day is thro',—
And the tangled moonlight pearls the dew,
Bring a deeper calm to my tired heart
Than the distant glories of time's great mart.
And, oh! the sweep of the west wind wild,
From the cloud-crag's splendor, sunset-piled,—
And the tameless beauty that tingles and throbs
Through the thunder's groan and rain-choked sobs,
To me are a more inspiring thing
Than deeds of heroes which poets sing.

Charles Bertram Newton.

A SHORT STUDY OF JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

TO READ Mr. Riley's verse (and nearly everyone who reads at all reads his works) is to feel a personal affection for the author. Mr. Howells says that Mr. Riley disarms criticism, that he has won the love of the people. Surely few poets have enjoyed the solid admiration of so many different kinds of men. The most discriminating of critics speak of his verse with absolute lack of censure; the coldest of them are warmed to kindliness and geniality; his books, well worshipped, lie on the best parlor table of many a farm-house; Englishmen and Bostonians find a keen delight in him, and all manner of men laugh and smile and grow moist-eyed at his music.

Mr. Riley's verse seems almost instinctive with him. One has the impression that his poetry is spontaneous, that it

must have sprung from him fully formed and finished, or that it *was* somewhere, and that he found it and made it his. His songs "sing themselves," and that, if anything, indicates the master and artist.

He is so true and honest that his men and women and children are well known to us. We feel their trouble, and feel it sympathetically and thoroughly, and we know the things that make them glad. All of us have known the joys he sings to us, and we find we have felt the sorrow that he knows and tells with such simplicity and tenderness. With him, we have waded "knee-deep in June," sprawled in the summer grass; the odors of the apple-blossoms and garden blooms have come to us sweetly at twilight; with him we have heard the katydids mourn throughout the night, and he expresses for us the cheeriness we have unconsciously longed to tell and the sadness of which we have not known how to speak.

Mr. Riley's dialect is remote from that dialect which is written simply that the author may write dialect. The cleverest of the poet's critics has said that he took the "editing" standpoint. That is, Mr. Riley lets his subject speak for himself. The artist and poet simply edits the child or farmer or whoever is "talking the poem." If the speaker starts to say anything unnatural or says anything in a constrained or complex way, Mr. Riley interrupts with the remark that that is not quite the right thing. "You would say it this way—so," and the character is true and real, and we will understand the man or child and care for him. "Benj. F. Johnson, of Boone," has been a reality to the poet, and to his readers "the sturdy old myth" will always be a living being, hale and perpetual.

There is in the child poems—in that "garden of gardens of verse, Rhymes of Childhood,"—something that makes one think the writer must have kept his own childhood fresh and close to his heart by a power stronger than that of memory. He recalls to us here, by subtlest touches and a wonderful skill, or by something not to be analyzed, the

dreams we had in trundle-beds, the pretty myths and marvellous superstitions that were part of us,—the whole mystery of child-life and the charm of it; we know once more the time when days were weeks long and weeds were tall as trees; we find in the rippling music of Mr. Riley's verse the joys of the real child, true and loveable, not the child that we meet in "books for children," but the genuine, and surely all the more admirable, child. This book, "Rhymes of Childhood," is a delight from beginning to end. The fanciful, beautiful "Dream of the Little Princess," with its flying horses sweeping down from the clouds till the gallant rider touches a flower of the earth and then swiftly passing far away to the very face of the sunset, is an ethereal conception and a dainty one. Although in many ways so different, it connects with the wonderful fun of "The Raggedy Man."

Mr. Riley's fun is essentially his, although it is so varied. It is the kindest fun in the world and the cheeriest. Cheerfulness of spirit pervades nearly all of the poet's work; even his most pathetic things seem to have it. His humor is pervading, too, and the most sorrowful and mournful ideas and expressions are often in close juxtaposition with the most whimsical, and one is surprised into comprehending the simplicity and astonishing naturalness of the arrangement. His range of fun is as wide as the clans of men and the varieties of verse, from "Ezra House" to "Orphant Annie," from "A Pen-Pictur of a Certin Frivolous Old Man," to the classical wit of "Jucklet." The tender human pathos and sadness of such poems as "Away," "Old Aunt Mary's," "Nothin' to Say," "The Last Kiss," are beyond telling.

There are a number of Mr. Riley's shorter poems that have had brush and canvas as well as ink used in their construction; the picture stands firm, clear and beautiful, with both artist and poet for creator. We get these picturesque effects in much of the writer's work, indeed wherever he

has striven for it, but they have an almost startling beauty in such things as "The Harper."

"Like a drift of faded blossoms,
Caught in a slanting rain—
His fingers glimpsed down the strings of his harp
In a tremulous refrain.

"Patter and tinkle, and drip, and drip!
Ah! but the chords were rainy sweet!
And I closed my eyes and I bit my lip,
As he played there in the street.

"Patter, and drip, and tinkle!
And there was the little bed
In the corner of the garret,
And the rafters overhead.

"And there was the little window—
Tinkle, and drip, and drip!
The rain above, and a mother's love,
And God's companionship!"

"The Sudden Shower" has been quoted the world over and is a strong, quick picture, and, like all of Mr. Riley's pictures, is not only that, but is vibrant with the very pulse of, and exhales the very fragrance of, Nature, graceful and quick. One is tempted to quote all of his sonnets. "When She Comes Home" is, perhaps, as characteristic, and as fine a piece of verse, as any of them.

"When she comes home again! A thousand ways
I fashion, to myself, the tenderness
Of my glad welcome: I shall tremble—yes,
And touch her as when first in the old days
I touched her girlish hand, nor dared upraise
Mine eyes, such was my faint heart's sweet distress.
Then silence: And the perfume of her dress:
The room will sway a little, and a haze
Cloy eyesight—soul'sight, even—for a space
And tears—yes; and the ache here in the throat
To know that I will deserve the place
Her arms make for me; and the sobbing note
I stay with kisses, ere the tearful face
Again is hidden in the old embrace."

There are certain originalities and new forms, inventions of the poet, which have become renowned as Rileyisms. The terraced "Ef you Don't Watch Out of Little Orphant Annie," was so quickly and widely imitated that the comic weeklies protested and then made use of the imitations for joke material.

Now and then there are short poems of Mr. Riley's with a sort of whimsical grimness back of them. "From the Headboard of a Grave in Paraguay," is surely material for a story.

"A troth, and a grief, and a blessing,
Disguised them and came this way,
And one was a promise, and one was a doubt,
And one was a rainy day.

"And they met betimes with this maiden—
And the promise it spake and lied,
And the doubt it gibbered and hugged itself,
And the rainy day—she died."

There is an eerie realism about the fancy of "The Dead Lover" not often matched.

"Time is so long when a man is dead.
Some one sews; and the room is made
Very clean; and the light is shed
Soft through the window-shade.

"Yesterday I thought: 'I know
Just how the bells will sound, and how
The friends will talk and the sermon go,
And the hearse-horse bow and bow.'

"This is to-day; and I have nothing
To think of—nothing whatever to do,
But to hear the throb of a pulse of a wing
That wants to fly back to you."

There is a riotous joy in nature's very self—absolutely thorough; a pleasure that goes through and through to the soul in some of the poet's out-door verse. Could anything have a heartier swing than this bit of dialect from "Knee-Deep in June!"

" Lay out there and try to see
 Jes' how lazy you kin be!
 Tumble round and souse yer head
 In the clover-bloom, or pull
 Yer straw hat acrost yer eyes,
 And peep through it at the skies.
 Thinkin' of old chums 'ats dead,
 Maybe, smilin' back at you,
 In betwixt the beautiful
 Clouds o' gold and white and blue!—
 Month a man kin raily love—
 June, you know, I'm talkin' of!

" March ain't never nothin' new!
 Aprile's altogether too
 Brack fer me! and May—I jes'
 'Bominate its promises.
 Little hints o' sunshine and
 Green around the timber-land—
 A few blossoms, and a few
 Chip-birds and a sprout 'er two—
 Drap asleep, and it turns in
 'Fore daylight and snows agin!
 But when June comes—Clear my throat
 With wild honey. Rench my hair
 In the dew! and hold my coat!
 Whoop out loud and throw my hat!
 June wants me, and I'm to spare!
 Spread them shadders anywhere,
 I'll git down and waller there,
 And obleeged to you at that!"

Art needs no reason for being and no reason for it need be offered; it needs no justification, no excuse. Art was not given to amuse or to instruct or to elevate, although anyone who comes in contact with a production of art may be elevated or amused. Art, in the highest, is art for art's sake.

Mr. Riley's book, "The Flying Islands of the Night," is a "song for the song's sake," and one of the effects of the poem on the reader is to fill him with admiration for the wonderful technique and mastery, the sheer skill—the genius it displays.

We might imagine a child of the gods (would that mean a poet?) or of such parents as Oberon and Titania sleeping among the mist-streaks beneath the summer moon and dreaming such a dream as "The Flying Islands of the Night." It might have been called "Midsummer Night's Dream." It will mean very little to some people, perhaps nothing at all—but others will know its charm, its ethereal beauty and pure music, its humor, which can be called nothing but Rileyesque, as long as a love of the beautiful and fine shall last.

Let him who would leave his routine life and who is tired of heat and dust, and toil and worry, if he wishes to wander in a land of beautiful mysteries, with mellow moonlight over all, with a music unsurpassed to accompany him, read this last book of Mr. Riley's.

Newton Booth Turkington.

THE "GIANT."

OH wondrous crags! So solemn, lofty, grand!
What mighty powers within thy bases sleep!
For countless ages hast thou proudly stood
Rejoicing in thy beauty and thy strength,
Viewing with haughty scorn the crumbling earth
That yields before the changing power of Time,
For thou wert moulded by the Master's hand.
And like him, changeless shalt thou stand, while Time
In endless cycles rolls its ages on.
A master hand! Its touch in every line
Is seen, in every shade its presence shown,
For here and there where he hath drawn his brush,
Painting with lighter or with heavier stroke,
And where his chisel merely touched and glanced,
Or bearing down with wider, stronger stroke,
Has left those deep-hewn gashes in thy side.

There do we see the evening shadows blush
When kissed by glowing sunset's lips of flame,
From sombre gray to crimson beauty rare.
Again at early dawn when first thy crest
Receives the welcome light of waking day.
A myriad sparkling, quivering, silver threads,
Appear upon the rugged slope all intertwined,
Uncounted, priceless pearls, woven in web of gold.

Edward H. Baldwin.

MS. FOUND IN AN OLD ARMY COAT.

STRANGE, that after all these years, I should be lying here, friendless and lonely, amid a crowd. Strange, too, that they should all shrink from me save that dark-eyed man over there with the canteen, who became quite friendly for awhile. He told me of the wife he had left at home in the New England hills, and how happy they used to be; then of how a pitiless malady had entered the house, and how his wife's letters had become fewer and fewer, and how only last week a letter had come from his boy, telling him that it was all over. Strange, too, that when he came to the recital of her death I should have laughed in his face. I remember how he drew away as if I were some pestilential thing.

If I should be wounded to-morrow I wonder if the nurses would shrink from touching me.

Sometimes, when I close my eyes, I can see the little country village of my boyhood; the wide street, with its great elms, and the old church-yard, which used to frighten me so. I can see my father, with his kindly face, and my poor mother, who never smiled after that terrible day when my little brother was brought home, drowned. And now, after so many separations, I can see them all gathered together there in the old grave-yard. I used to think that

when I began to grow old and saw the end of my life at hand, I would go back there to die, and we would all be together, even in death.

I can see little Margaret Fletcher, the flaxen-haired playmate of my first years. How we grew up together, and how proud she was of me, and how watchful I used to be of her; how I drew her out of the water that day when we were skating and she had fallen in. I can see it all now, as in a vision; and the vision is pleasant and beaming with light.

I could never tell, nor could she, when that boyish affection began to change, as the budding leaves and light bloom of spring change and burst forth in the glory of June. It seemed, almost, that we became more distant to each other, and I instinctively refrained from little unmeaning familiarities which used to come as natural as my own existence. Little Margaret had become a woman, and we both realized it, though we said nothing.

After this mysterious change had taken place I used to speculate whether her old childish love for me had been utterly cast away, or whether it had developed into that pure and steadfast womanly love which was to make the happiness of him who should be fortunate enough to be its object.

I believed then, and have always believed, that her heart was in that immature or transitional state in which it is most susceptible, and that the quivering balance in the maiden's soul inclined to my side; and I have cursed myself a thousand—aye! ten thousand—times that I did not speak to her when it was in my power. But I did not know, and I waited.

I can see Harry Balfour still, strong, hearty, goodly soul that he was. He had been ordained some three years, and in the enthusiasm of his work he had given his nervous system too great a strain. The doctor had ordered rest for a year, and I had prevailed upon him to come to our old-fashioned little village. He would not admit that he was in the least disabled, and had reluctantly left his work at the

doctor's peremptory command. He used to work off his surplus enthusiasm in thirty-mile walks, or in cutting down the largest trees.

I made Harry acquainted with Margaret, for I knew they would get along well together, and it was very dull for her away out there in the country. She grew to take great pleasure in his company, a fact which pleased me much, for who could but be charmed by Balfour? Meanwhile I became more desperately in love with her every day and resolved to tell her how I had never ceased to love her from the day when we had plighted our childish troth with a broken sixpence a dozen years ago. I had little doubt of her answer.

When I shut my eyes I can see once more the broad veranda of our old house, and again I am sitting there in the low rocking-chair watching the sunset over the hills.

I can see again two figures coming up the broad walk very slowly. They are Margaret and the young curate, hand in hand.

As they reach the steps Harry stops; he puts his hand upon her shoulder, and says:

"Well, Jack, Margaret and I have agreed to adjust our differences. Won't you congratulate us?"

The vision of the distant hills is no longer fair; there is a dull, ominous glare in the background. All the blood in my body seemed to rush tumultuously to my head, there was a ringing in my ears that I thought would deafen me, my heart was beating so high that I pressed my hand to my breast and when I tried to speak my mouth was parched and dry. It seemed as if eternity were slowly flitting by as I sat there looking at them; then the years of my boyhood moved mockingly before my vision and I saw Margaret standing with half of my sixpence in her hand. There was Harry, alighting from the train, then I saw him as I presented him to Margaret, and the weary years went by, and I saw them standing before me. I remember wondering that they had not grown old in the meantime.

"My dear Jack," I cried, "I congratulate you from the bottom of my heart; you ought to be the happiest man on the face of the earth. And you too, Margaret, though I don't relish the prospect of your taking Jack away. Of course I'm to be best man."

I was only afraid I was overdoing the thing. I flattered myself that they never suspected that I was secretly cursing them from the bottom of my heart.

From that day a demon took possession of me. I gave my days and nights to plotting their ruin. I even went to the wedding, and as the minister pronounced the solemn words of benediction, I still cursed them. Could I have brought myself at once to "the deep damnation of his taking off," I would still have scorned it as a paltry revenge. And yet, to make my work sure, it was necessary that he should die, for so long as he lived there would be hope of rectification. He must die, I thought, and know the hand that strikes him, and let the agony of revenge be crowded into his dying moments. She too, must know by whom. She has been injured, but so that there may be no danger of detection, and let her punishment be one that she will carry to the grave. How many times have I smiled to think how all this was accomplished in a single act. Verily, I do not believe that an act of more hellish wickedness could have been devised, save by the Prince of Darkness himself.

It any into whose hands this manuscript shall fall be inclined to judge me harshly for what I have done, and for what I am about to tell, to him let me say that my provocation was great.

Whether its effect was to banish reason from her throne, and to drive me into a temporary madness, I cannot say. Surely no madman ever so tasted the sweetness of revenge.

When to Margaret was born a son, its father's image, as everyone said, my fury knew no bounds. To further the success of my plan, I had kept up a hypocritical intimacy with both Margaret and Harry. The door of their house

was always open to me, and so I had a hundred opportunities of adding a further blow by putting an end to the child. What strange fatality restrained me I cannot say, and it is this one mistake of mine that vexes my soul to-night; for I saw to-day in the Southern ranks,——ah! how it smote me!——the face of Harry Balfour—the image of my old friend, but younger by some twenty-five years. Then for the first time my gun missed fire, and the ranks closed, and I saw him no more. But to-morrow—to-morrow—I shall meet him—and death. Yes, I know that it will be death.

I close my eyes again, and I am walking through the forest. Thirty years have somewhat dimmed my faculties as I write these words, but across that lapse of time I still remember that I have so skilfully covered my tracks that nothing can shake my *alibi*, if I need it. It is a magnificent June day and the forest is alive with sound. That thrush almost grazed my face. There is an opening of light ahead, and I make for that point.

“Oh, Harry! there you are. By the way, does any one know of your little trip?”

“No, I took your advice and kept it dark. Nervous old gentleman, that doctor.”

* * * * *

Even now, I hesitate to go on. That was a shell just now, fired from our ranks. What does it mean? Another soul in paradise, perhaps. Not far from where I am writing there are two deserters. They are to be shot at sunrise. I wish I could sleep as soundly as they.

I will finish what I have begun. No human creature has ever heard it before. Thirty years is long enough to keep a secret.

* * * * *

We are riding gaily along in the open, or rather he is riding and I am walking by his side. The road runs straight away to the village, a distance of six miles; it is not often traveled, save by the lumbering stage coach, and

that will not be along till night. A mile out of the woods there is a little cabin, deserted now, but with a few bits of furniture scattered about. This is a jolly place, thinks Harry, to stop for a siesta.

He hitches his horse to the crumbling gatepost. Feed him and hitch him well! It may be that he will grow weary waiting for you to come out. Harry wonders what I am doing with that paper package, and I answer in a jest.

We build a fire in the old fire-place, succeeding, after much effort, in making the chimney draw. Then we sit down to a quiet and sociable smoke. We talk of love, and life and death, and battle, and drowning and suicide, and——

How naturally the conversation drifted into suicide! "Let us suppose," I remark nonchalantly, "let us suppose that we are each about to make away with ourselves, and to leave in this room a letter containing a statement exactly contradictory to the truth. Just for the fun of the thing, I would like to see what absurd epistles we can make."

Again my pen falters as I write. I never thought to have confessed so much. The guard placed over the two deserters continues his solitary beat.

Harry, always ready for a jest, took to the plan, and without waiting for my letter, sat down and wrote the following, largely under my dictation.

"TO MY WIFE:

"When this reaches your eye your heart will already have told you why I have done this. Margaret, I could bear it no longer—I, who have loved and cherished you, have no longer a place in your heart. When I realized that your affection had been given over to—I cannot name him—to that friend of your childhood, I tried to bear it in silence. But I could not. May God forgive you for the cruel wrong you have done me. Would that I could. Good-bye.

"HARRY BALFOUR."

"That's pretty good for me, eh, Jack? You can keep it as a curiosity until we get home. I wouldn't leave it around. Why, yes, I am rather thirsty."

And he emptied the shell I offered him. "Tastes rather queer. I suppose it's the shell."

He leaned back in his chair and yawned. I took a turn outside. In five minutes he was asleep. Then my package came into play. When I awoke him he found himself bound hand and foot. I was sitting quietly, watch in hand, at the other side of the room. He gazed at his ropes and then at me, as if I were mad.

"Harry Balfour," I said, "you have done me a deadly wrong. You have taken advantage of my hospitality and by means of it won from me the woman I loved. You shall soon realize what vengeance I can take when I am once aroused. Harkye! It is now half-past one. When the minute-hand points to twelve I fire this pistol. When you are dead I will unloose you, and this letter of yours, in your own handwriting, will be here to account for your death. Do you understand me now?"

The man's cool, unflinching gaze almost unnerved me.

"Jack, old man," he cried, "what's the matter with you? Are you going crazy? Come, I admit this is a good joke, but it is time to be serious. Come and untie this rope, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

He started to rise, but I had done my work too well for that. The man was so cool that he had almost persuaded me that it *was* a monstrous joke. Then I thought of Margaret, and steeled myself.

It was a long time before he realized that I was in earnest. But he never flinched. Much as I hated him I gave him credit then, and do so now, for being a brave man.

He did, indeed, remind me of Margaret, there at home, but he never pleaded for himself.

But ah! God! I could read his anguish of soul in his eyes, albeit he spake not. I drank it in, feasted in it, reveled in it and danced around the room in devilish glee. I waved the accursed letter in the air, and even tantaliz-

ingly held it near his hand, and then snatched it away as he stretched out his arm.

Said I not truly that Satan alone could have devised a more hellish plan? I pictured Margaret before him, bearing her sorrow down to the grave, and my revenge lasting with her life. I was at last arousing him. His frame shook with agony as he thought of her, and he called loud for help.

"Shout!" I cried, "shout loud—louder—louder. There is no human being for five miles around. Call on your God to save you. I will help you."

And I mockingly added my shouts to his, until my horrid blasphemings filled the room, and the air quivered as if aghast at my wickedness.

I pointed my pistol at his head as I shouted; he gazed at the weapon without moving a muscle. I would not shoot while I was in such an ecstasy of rage. I was to have "a wide and capable revenge," and this required coolness. I became quiet, and he uttered not a sound as he lay there about to die. His very coolness daunted me, and made my hand shake. As I held my watch in my hand I trembled from head to foot. Finally, with one tremendous effort, I turned around again, crouched down on my knees directly in front of him, and when the minute hand of my watch stood directly over the centre of the rim, I pulled the trigger, and emptied the contents of my pistol in his brain. Then I unfastened the ropes and cast them into the fire.

* * * * *

The first faint streaks of dawn are glimmering in the east. The poor wretches hard by are no longer counting the hours they have to live: it is a question of minutes now.

The last thirty years of my life fly past my mind. I close my eyes, and I see them again, but the vision is no longer clear. Now they seem to fall into some kind of perspective, then all is confusion again. I am lying beneath the Southern Cross and strange stars are riding in the celestial space; now it is changed, and I am out on the masthead, and as

the ship leans over I see the boiling waters beneath me, and my brain grows dizzy.

Now I am back in the old village, and no one knows me; a sweet-faced lady passes me on the street, and I turn away my face. She is tall and fair, but her face is furrowed with the deep lines of sorrow, and they say she seldom smiles. There is a row of graves in the old church-yard, and I read the names upon the stones, but the grass and weeds have grown up so that I cannot make out the separate graves. There is a boy in the village whose face seems strangely familiar, and it is his face that is haunting me to-night. It appears stern and relentless whenever my mind pauses for a moment, and then the rest of the vision fades away. There seems to be a mark upon my face, and young girls shrink from me and can give no reason. I am in Africa now; a band of savages is circling around singing a wild chant. My vision becomes brighter and I am in London, and we are sitting cosily around a fire; someone is reading, and I am talking quietly with a woman whose radiant features lighten my vision, and then the stern face blots it out.

Why vision is taking a more vivid form: We are at Shiloh, and I am fighting in the ranks for a glorious cause. The sound of cannon is in my ears. Ah! there is that accursed face! I raise my gun to my shoulder. It misses fire, and the ranks close again. The battle is undecided, and we are to fight again to-morrow. That face is charmed against my bullet, and I fear to meet it, for it is to be my death. I hear the drums beating. How loud they sound! Why do they not stop? This is not a vision; I hear them close at hand.

Ah! it is the reveille! The day has come.

I am awake. The daylight is streaming down upon us. I can almost hear the enemy's fife. I will meet him now. How will his bullet strike? I wonder how long it will take me to die?

And afterwards, can I steady my nerves to see what lies beyond? When my soul has left this frame—why do I

tremble and shake? I, a soldier, and afraid of death? No, not death—it is after. What frightful things are these I see? I shut my eyes, but the monstrous picture follows me still. Ah! my God! hide it from my sight. The vision is too horrible.

M'Creedy Sykes.

BEL.

HERE in this distant land
Savage and lone,
Still lies a relic grand
Carved out of stone;
A heathen idol grim,
By the dark river's brim.

No more the war-cries deep,
Or trumpet's blare,
Shall from his silent sleep,
Startle him there.
No more shall mortal trust
In that poor crumbling dust.

Oft in the Pharaohs' reign,
In that age drear,
Saw he a victim slain
Trembling with fear,
Who by the dark priest grim
Were sacrificed to him.

Could he speak, as he lies,
For a short space,
With his face to the skies,
Last of his race;
Many a crime they'd tell
Of those dread rites of Bel.

But his lips are of stone ;
 Those secrets rest,
As he lies calm and lone,
 Locked in his breast ;
Ages may come and go,
Still they will find him so.

H. G. Murray.

“THE COGWHEEL CLICK OF CRITICS VAIN.”

IT IS not a great while since that specific department of literature which we call criticism was comparatively unknown, or at least not reduced to a science. The old readers based their judgment of a poem or a drama, not on some established canon, but upon the appeal which it made to their individual tastes, and if a thing was so good that it pleased everybody, it was laid away as a classic. For in these earlier times when imagination ruled the mind, when taste predominated over method, enjoyment was in itself sufficient, and it was not at all necessary to know why some things were pleasing to the æsthetic sense. But in these later times, since our imagination, our nature, if you will, has so woefully degenerated, and art is supreme, we think we must know the rationale of everything we read. We have a literary method, which, to be sure, changes from age to age, but nevertheless a method, and if a thing conforms to it, and to the style which has been harped upon ever since we can remember as being the only canon of literary taste, we accept it as having the true ring, and, blind as bats in this light of what men call criticism, we follow the lamp of those who style themselves critics.

The true critic is as rare as the true poet. Dryden, I believe it was, who was as a rule, more barren of ideas than many a good ways below him in the literary scale, said one good thing when he asserted that a man could not be a critic of poetry who was not a poet himself. Perhaps Dryden did not

mean us to believe this literally, but he certainly did mean that the true critic must be a man of exceedingly delicate sense, as well as keen analysis. Apply such a criterion to the greater part of our modern criticism. To the so-called book reviews in current magazines and periodicals, to the score of "Literary Worlds and Herald," and what a woeful deficiency we find. Here and there, of course, we get a bit of true insight and real appreciation. But what a mixture of smooth meaninglessness and balderdash the most of it is. "A charming work," "written in quaint and beautiful style," "a delightful reflection of New England life," "the freshness of nature and the fields," such are some of the little senseless prettinesses which one sees in bewildering confusion in almost any of our book reviews. Our modern literary judge has descended from the eminence of the fathers of the art to the ordinary level. His business now is not to sum up the evidence and pass sentence—it is to praise or dispraise, to modify or malign. We have nowadays, as a general thing, missed the true spirit. We drag along in the worst of ruts. We ride the most stubborn of literary hobbies, and in sacrificing advancing ideas to our own shallow codes we sacrifice all.

Form! Yes, we talk about form, and what do we mean? We know what it meant in the days of the classical school, whose work still passes for poetry by reason of its "superb form." Yes, "superb form." Form without life, setting without gem, verse without poetry. What do we care for such a style when we read five or six pages, perhaps, and are lucky if we strike a single poetical idea. But we have the same thing in these days too, though nobody seems to know fully what it is except a few would-be critics who insist on what they call form.

Yes, that is one class of critics; men who pose as Johnsonian mentors, and reject everything which does not agree with their own little code. Such a critic is, as a rule, quite behind his age. In following this queer little dried-up method of his, he loses sight of those far in advance of

him, who keep pace with advancing life and consequently advancing literature. He has read much, is saturated with bookishness, permeated with classicism. He can quote you what Horace or some one else says in his art of poetry if you ask him his opinion on one of your precious effusions: "Introduce the hero in the first act, describe him in the second, make him fall in love in the third, be jealous in the fourth, and commit suicide in the fifth."

Quintillian he knows by heart, and if you raise a point in contradiction he will show you to Longinus. So very naturally but very mistakenly he sets up his standard; the old style is the Moloch in whose sacred fire he solemnly places the infant productions of literature, and as a most natural result, after enduring such a fierce heat for a little while, there is not much left. Literary method is his great forte. He defends the old three or four volume novel, and rails at the modern tendencies in fiction. He sets up the most startling comparisons between his victim and Browne or Swift or Macaulay. Like one looking through an inverted telescope, he sees the objects near him appear as though they were far in the distance; we see the spreading tree or stately palace before us thrust back almost to the horizon, and he gazes at the present pushed back into the past and dwindled away until it can be placed there without injuring the perspective.

He forgets that Literature has a soul. That its great, burning, vital, endless principle is the principle of life. That there is an evolution in letters as well as in everything else. That literature can no more stand still than civilization. That what served as a criterion for one age cannot be taken as an absolute standard for all time. That the wheels of the world's progress cannot be clogged by the genius of one man. His conservatism blinds his insight. His idolatry of the past destroys all true estimate of the present.

Here is another who is perfectly willing to forget for a while the voices of the past and listen to the notes of our modern singers. But he persists in referring them all to

his own individual taste. He is enraptured with Dickens' characterization; so as a natural result his rod falls heavily on all imitators of George Eliot's psychological studies. He is a Browning fiend, and so he forgets the purer beauty of the lyric, be it in Shelley or Tennyson or Heine. Like Lord Jeffrey in the time of the revolt, he cries, when something appears not suited to his little warped understanding or jaundiced taste, "This will never do." He may be a near relative of Apollo and love the æsthetic and ornate in art. If so, poetry is nothing unless it is highly ornamented; it is dead without symmetry, while prose must be essentially literary and poetic. He scorns you when you intimate that he follows method, and cries, I despise classical models. But instead he has a narrow Procrustes bed of his own on which he fits all would-be *litterateurs*. If you ask him his profession he will have the supreme audacity to say that he is critic in the literary department of the "Hub." As well set up the Prince of Wales for a poet. By a half truth he would spoil all. He would cramp all originality into the small measure of his own biased taste.

Here is another who insists pre-eminently upon life. Base your novels on real life, no idealism for him. He takes the opposite extreme from the classicist and his whole cry is for nature, the natural voice of the natural man. What is the use of models? Follow your own individuality and by the very virtue of your own personality you will rise to fame. Write as you feel, write as you are. Method, in what does it consist? The reflection of life and nothing else and the best way is your own way. He has such a horror of the old schools that he abjures them entirely. Even metaphors are bugbears except the very exceptional ones. Everything must be chiseled with serene simplicity, for he claims nature as his model. There must be no extra adornment for such would mar the beauty of his perfect ideal. All of which we are most willing to grant; yet it is a pity that the poor man should push the idea so far and with the blind enthusiasm of all extremists, rush

into a position as illogical as it is unique. Can he not understand that the tedious round of methodical practice must train the hand and steady the nerves before genius can paint? Does he not remember that Tennyson modeled on Keats and Keats on Spenser and Spenser on dear knows whom? Can he not understand that his "charming simplicity" becomes as much of a hobby, as much methodical as anything else when pushed to the extreme? That the "exaggerated metaphor" is a natural product of the imagination and in fact the most natural of all forms of expression, seeing that it is the one mode of speech among the wilder nations? That imagery and ornament are in a high sense essential without which the prosy black and white of language would give but colorless outlines indeed?

By all means allow us to assert what little individuality we have, but don't deny us the privilege of the good old classics. Point us by all means to what is natural and real but do not ask us to gaze forever at the things within our own narrow horizon and never catch sight of the wider view revealed by some great master. Emancipate us from slavery to tradition but do not expect us to learn the world by ourselves.

Such are a few of the ditches into which these well-meaning men have fallen all with their minds bent on one peculiar and it may be irrational idea. They see only what comes within the little boundary which they have marked out for themselves.

Before these grim judges the novice in the literary world stands shaking with terror, lest the sword of Damocles may fall and end his short existence. And the worst of it is that almost every one of the judges has a sword of his own, and if the victim is lucky enough to escape the strokes of the first two or three, he is almost sure to fall before he finishes the ordeal.

But we started out to say something about the common criticism of our magazines, and "Literary Columns." They often seem to have missed the true spirit of the art, so that in many cases their reviews express scarcely nothing

at all. When we are told, for instance, that Pope's satires are "a fine expression of satirical style," that somebody's novel "catches the spirit of the scenes it describes," that Addison's *De Coverly* papers are "marked by a delightful and natural humor," or that a long poem written in ballad style "contains some good rhymes," we are ready to smile, or worse still, to yawn. The greater part of our reviews and many of our books, we are sorry to say, contain just such senseless attempts at criticism as the above, as though the essayist in question had jumbled a lot of adjectives together in a hat and taken out three or four to apply to the author in question.

Criticism does not consist in a few well chosen epithets applied to a man's style, neither does it consist in abstruse comparisons with other authors. It has for its field only and always the individuality of the author to be studied; the personality of style which marks him and distinguishes him from everyone else. To be sure he may be considered historically when he must be studied in relation to the age in which he lived; but even then it is the individuality of the man and his style which is to be sought for; environment is secondary, and is of interest only as affecting his personality. The true critical insight seeks for that which differentiates one man from all others; one style from all others; one literature from all others. Which analyzes a piece of art and selects not what is common to a dozen but that which belongs distinctively to the painting under consideration. What vital ideas are we to get of a man's place in literature when we are told that his style is marked by clearness, elegance and force, or when it is insisted that he has too many antithetical constructions or a too classical diction.

Such criticism fails to reveal to us the inner life, the primal essence of literature. In striving to get at the kernel it feeds us with husks. To be sure the distinctive charm of any poem or novel or essay is something not grasped and parceled out in cold statements. It can

be felt far better than it can be described. And it is the function of the critic to paint as fully as possible that inner life, even though the outlines be often vague and the shading imperfect.

Some one has well said that the true spirit of criticism is always appreciative; no country photographer is capable of describing a Titian nor is a ward school mistress master of Shakespeare. The highest criticism is always in love with its subject. Malignity and prejudice are absent, and instead of degrading and lowering its object it elevates and ennobles it. Great indeed is the responsibility of the true critic. Mighty are the interests which he controls.

William Ashenhurst Dunn.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

HE WAS a quiet, pleasant fellow, with no enemies and many friends, and there was never a question in anybody's mind that he was either more or less than what he seemed to be. When he came to college his success was very fair, though by no means exceptional. He was in fact a very well liked, but by no means "popular" fellow. So he occupied his niche in the world well enough apparently, and yet there was no man in college who was so graciously, pleasantly and unintentionally, but nevertheless thoroughly misunderstood.

Now, the misunderstanding lay in this: He was considered by all his friends to have an almost abnormal aversion for the society of the fairer sex, while, on the contrary, he enjoyed, or would have enjoyed, nothing better had he but been given the chance. That such a misconception of his proclivities had arisen from his early bashfulness and one or two painful incidents connected with those youthful days of the awkward transition stage, seemed hardly possible for though not at all a "gallant" in society, he was able very

tolerably to keep in its grooves. It rather arose from a misconception of his nature.

Faults he had many, but let one catch sight of his real underlying self, and these were forgotten. Only two persons that I know of ever penetrated these—myself, after long years of misunderstanding and blindness that make me despise myself as I look back on them, and one other—how she came to know him is my story, if story it may be called, which is so real and true.

I noticed that he looked very sad when he came back from the Christmas vacation during Senior year. He was quieter than usual when the fellows gathered in our room the first night; he had none of the swaggering air he often assumed, and which some thought was due to vanity, which I afterwards found out covered a heavy heart. We had guyed him a good deal on his long-facedness, and one of the fellows said, jokingly, "Why, you must have been refused, Jack." Perhaps he answered carelessly, but the tell-tale crimson arose in his face, and there was a shout of laughter, followed by a volley of witticisms. "Too good a joke to keep," said everybody, and our whole circle soon knew that Jack Templeton, the "misogynist" had actually proposed. He stood it good-naturedly, as usual—didn't seem to care much, and no one thought he minded it; but then no one does under such circumstances.

One evening he told me how it had happened. He had loved her, he said, for a long time; he did not know just how long. It was not a thing to talk about, and he had kept it to himself. "Beautiful, I suppose?" "Oh, no; not at all. But I never saw any one who approached her; she is just *right*," he said, with an emphasis which settled it. "Do you know," he went on after a pause, "in spite of what the men say, I' *not* a woman-hater; the only trouble is, they are so hard to talk to unless, that is, you get the *right* one." And he smiled, quizzically but sadly. I smiled too, as I thought of Jack's reputation. "A nice enough fellow," was the girls' verdict, but then they would much rather

talk with "that bright Mr. Aimsley," or "jolly Fred. Mills," or even Mr. Shady Smalley—"he's so funny, you know." Poor Jack never followed any of these or similar feminine adjectives. In short, he wasn't a ladies' man. We all pitied him, feeling at the same time a pleasant complacency as to our own standing in that direction. It was a long time before I came to see how differently he and we thought of them. I verily believe that until she actually drove him to the opposite conclusion, by utter vacancy of mind or heart, he looked upon every girl as a being unearthly, which was probably the reason he was not more ready in his conversation with them—whether rightly or wrongly is not for me to say.

"Well, its too bad, old fellow," I said, suddenly remembering Jack's feelings. "The usual question and answer, I suppose?" "No, not exactly," he answered. "I only hinted——." "Only hinted! you fool," I interrupted, hotly. "Do you suppose a girl would say yes on a hint? You certainly are a dummy, Jack!" and started out. He took it coolly and lazily as 'twas his custom, but I knew from long experience that there were tears in his eyes,—tears which brought a twinge even to my boyishly acclimated conscience.

Poor Jack! it is all very well to talk about youthful sentiment, but sometimes it strikes deeper than we think. He did not mope nor pine. He was even more boisterous than before at times, but he seemed to have lost all ambition. Naturally lazy he became listless. He did not go in for horrors any more; he would not accept any positions of leadership.

All the "conceit" had been taken out of him.

At last I couldn't stand it any longer. "Jack," I said, "I'm sorry I spoke so hastily that night; do tell me all about it and let me help you, old fellow." He looked at me in his lazy careless way—that was a hard mask to penetrate—and said nothing. He seemed to have fallen into a brown study and I waited patiently for him to speak. He

began abruptly as if resuming where he had left off: "Only hinted to Beth that I would like to take a walk with her alone that evening to talk about something very important, and she was so ready to do it that my heart jumped into my throat. Then after we had talked pleasantly for awhile—I never had any trouble talking to her—and after I told her as well as possible what I couldn't keep to myself any longer—I suppose I didn't put it very effectively for she didn't seem to take it seriously—she only said, "Now Jack, you're a nice enough fellow, but don't talk nonsense." Oh, why was I born just a 'nice fellow?' That was all." And Jack laughed irrelevantly. I couldn't get anything more out of him.

One morning the mail brought him a letter from home. He usually told me his secrets and when he had finished the letter he handed it to me without a word. It contained the news of the engagement of Bethel Blair to Arthur Saybrook. There was a look of decision on Jack's face which I had never seen before. "Take good notice this afternoon," he said unconcernedly, "I'm going home."

Two days later he was back looking white and tired. "What on earth have you been doing?" I exclaimed. "Broke it off," he answered shortly. "Well that was a pretty mean, low-down—" "Trick. No use repeating; just what she said and lots more; won't speak to me again. Dear girl, how could she help it? she didn't know what a scoundrel that man was. Got those notes?" I was puzzled at his tone, but I had an uncomfortable feeling when he went into the next room and threw himself on the bed and was still for a long time.

After that Jack didn't grow any better. The year was nearly over, but the pleasures of spring term were shadowed for him. He liked to be alone, and grew thinner. But he never said a word about his trouble.

Well, we were graduated, and I went immediately into business. Jack was at work too, but I never could tell how he was getting on, for his occasional letters were uniformly

cheerful. One day my father said to me, "I wish you would write to Templeton about a young man whom I have been keeping an eye on all the year. He has been a bad customer, but turned steady—in love or something—and now wants to go back to D—— and try again. Give him my recommendation and tell him that Saybrook will make a good man at their business." The name sounded familiar, but I was greatly hurried and wrote as my father directed without giving it any further thought.

Sometime later I saw my old roommate again for the first time since we parted. After a long talk about all the many things that come up to old classmates, suddenly, in my old thoughtless way, I came out with, "And have you made up with Bethel yet?" His face shadowed; the blow came so unexpectedly. "No," he answered, slowly and wearily; "she's married. Don't you remember it was Arthur Saybrook that she was first engaged to when I broke it off. When he came back with your recommendation and I saw how really in love they seemed, why I couldn't help undoing what I had done with the best intentions. So I put in a good word for him where I could, and finally they were engaged again and are just married. His show of nonchalance was very thin, but it almost disappeared entirely when I asked, "But wont she speak *now*?" "Oh, no, I wouldn't have her venom. I had meddled in it: think how unfair to the poor fellow! I hope she's happy now. Dear girl!" and he turned away abruptly.

Then at last I began to realize some of Jack's real nobility. But what could be done? I could only squeeze his hand hard and say nothing.

Late one evening next fall I found myself side-tracked most unexpectedly at D——. I put up at the one hotel intending to go to Jack's early next morning. As I was warming myself in the reading, or rather lounging room, I struck up a conversation with one of the old gossips who was ruminantly enjoying a quid before the stove.

"Have you heerd tell on the news? Big murder case an' all that? No? Waal, now didn't you really know that Mr. Templeton was on trial for the murder of that good-for-nothing Saybrook."

"What, you crazy man?" I almost shouted.

"Young feller," replied the venerable, "listen to me and *don't* talk nonsense. It was this here way"—settling down to it with gusto. "This here Saybrook wa'ant no good much, tho' they do say as Templeton played him a scurvy trick, but howsomedevers he sort 'er reformed, and then climbed back to old man Blair's favor (no thanks to Templeton, they do say, who was set on the darter himself)." I nearly boiled over at this but he would not be interrupted. "And so they was married. Pretty soon back he goes to drinking again, and they do say that unless Templeton had helped him—which was no more than he had oughter do after his past action—he would have done gone to the dogs quicker'n lightnin'. Well, one night Saybrook was murdered, and Mrs. S., who they do say has never spoke to Templeton since he first got muddled in her affairs, swears as how she saw him escaping with a smokin' pistol. So they're a tryin' him and they do say as how she takes it kind o' lazy like exceptin' when she testimonies, and then he gits sorter pale about the gills, and they"—

But I had heard enough, and turned away sick at heart. *This* was what it had all come to, I thought. Oh, how I cursed the blindness and stupidity of people. After a wakeful night I snatched a little sleep in the morning, and it was late when I reached the court house. There he was, dear old Jack, pale but cool as if in his own room at college. I caught his eye (for I could not get at him) and he smiled back that old sad quizzical smile of his. A woman in black sat on the witness stand. Oh, how I hated her. My head was bursting with rage and sorrow. I must not trust myself there much longer. I burst out into the streets, and away into the country.

Coming back at night I was afraid to ask any questions, but went back to the hotel trembling. I was scarcely in the door when my friend, the old man, caught sight of me. "Heerd the news, Mister?" I shook my head. "Waal, that is queer. Why, just as he was a goin' to be convicted if in comes the p'lice with a doggone seedy tramp, and after considerable manoeuvring on both sides, they get it out of him that he done the thing himself, all on account of some spite; and, bless me, if Templeton hadn't been passing and skeered him off with his pistol, he'd a have killec her too, he was that mad, and they do say—" but this sentence was rudely broken off like the other, for I was tearing up the street, and had Jack in my arms long before it was finished.

"What's the good of talking," he said, after I had lost my remaining breath in some incoherent sentences, "why who'd have thought I'd ever have such a chance? Think! I saved her life, man!" and for a moment I thought Jack was really handsome.

It was not very long before Bethel Saybrook had learned all about Jack. It was not very long before she came to understand him as I did. But it was long before she could forgive herself for her injustice to him. It was the old story of that misunderstanding which seemed to have dogged his life. But we, ah, we understood him now. As for Jack, he is happier than he was then. He laughs longer and louder and his old gay way is back again. He continues to be abashed before the fair and to be friendly to all, while he is still very universally unknown to all who know him. "And they do say," so the old man told me the other day, "as how Mister Templeton has circumvented that young widder to marry him! The ideal!"

Charles Bertram Newton.

THE BIRTH OF THE WATER LILY.

BETWEEN two hills a valley slept,
Between two steepes of shelving land,
High archèd trees embowered it
Through which the dying sunlight crept,
And touched them with his gleaming wand,
And flushed the dark'ning steepes and lit
The vale with golden fire.

Above the stream the slow wind wept
And touched the looming trees and swept
A solemn music 'tween the hills,
As when an aged harper thrills
Wild raptures from a lyre.
One pale star stood above the height
And brightened in the dying light.

Beside the stream a naiad fair,
Under the ferns and willows cool,
Shook out the folds of her sunlit hair
And tossed them over her shoulders bare,
While she gazed at herself in the pool.
Her robe was as white as the white sea foam
When lashed by the wind, and the moving air
As it came up the vale from its ocean home,
Carelessly caught the folds and drew
The white robe close and lightly blew
The sunlit curls of the naiad there.
She moved with a modest dignity,
A stately grace and symmetry,
As though touched by an inner harmony.

"O, dear Temopas, purest of all streams
That ever burst from Ida's rocky heart,
Receive me, and in all the after time
Be thou my grave, and keep my secret true,
For life is weary since Endymion sleeps.

"The secret of the world is lost to me,
The quiet beauty of the streams and hills,
And all the tingling pleasures of the chase
Have fled away, and vanished as the years.
The world is dreary since Endymion sleeps.

"I sought to be a god to love the more,
But now that love is dead as life is dead,
I thank the gods that I was mortal born.
O, dear Temopas, purest of all streams,
Be thou my grave, and keep my secret true,
For I am weary since Endymion sleeps."

So spake she, and with one last wailing cry
Sank in the pool between the willowed banks,
And no one answered but the silence of the hills.

But a shepherd boy who came that way,
As he wandered home in the twilight gray,
And stopped to drink at the edge of the pool,
Saw out in the water a lily fair
Where the naiad had sunk; and the willows cool,
And the drooping ferns and the moving air
All stooped to breathe of its fragrance rare.

William Ashenhurst Dunn.

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

ON READING SHELLEY'S "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

Once with the hope of youth I sought the key
To thy great temple and the beauty there,
That I might enter in and hear thy song,
The endless harmony, the throbbing tones,
The wild, ethereal music through those aisles.
But I have sought in vain, I ne'er can find the key
To thy great temple; its grand harmony
Must be forever hidden from mine ear.
I ne'er can hope to hear the primal chants
Thy great choir sung, but only these sweet strains
Which thou hast caught upon thy trembling lyre.

W. A. Dunn.

MISSING MUTINY MORGAN.—While our regiment was stationed at Kotighun, said the Colonel, we had for the regiment's pet the sweetest little maid you ever saw. She was the idol of all, from our unbending senior officer to gruff old Sergeant McTavish, the crustiest man in the ranks.

The beginning of her life had been a sad one. After the rescue of Lucknow, the wife of one of our soldiers had found her, a tiny baby, in a deserted room of the battered Presidency. No trace could be found of her parents. So kind-hearted Mrs. Morgan had adopted her. "Wee Mutiny Morgan," as they called her, soon became the centre of a large circle of rough but admiring friends. How often I remember seeing her surrounded by a group of sturdy red-coats sitting on her favorite Sergeant McTavish's knee, one chubby little hand clasping a horny finger, while her merry laugh started rumbling echoes in the big soldiers around her. Woe to the man who ever spoke a rough word to Mutiny. If ever there was a queen, she was one.

We had been in Kotighun two months, when both barracks and officer's mess were thrown into consternation by the appalling news that little Mutiny was missing. The word ran like wildfire, and soon an excited group of men gathered on the parade ground when Sergeant McTavish explained that she had been playing that afternoon with the other children on the hillside, but had not come back with them, so that she must have strayed off in her search for the white hill violets, and lost her way in the forest beyond. A search expedition was immediately organized, consisting of ten men picked from a hundred eager volunteers, and commanded by the Sergeant and myself.

We made at once for the forest, where we startled the long echoes sleeping among the tall cedars and stately baobabs with our shouts, while the trailing rhododendrons peered at us eagerly from their great sleepless eyes. Above the noise of us all rose the stentorian tones of Sergeant McTavish, "Here we are, my bonny bairn," and then pursuing his lips and letting forth a perfect cannonade of sound, "H-o-o-o Mu-tin-ee!" Yet often as we stopped to listen there was no reply save the faint "Mu-tin-ee!" coming back from the opposite mountain. The loneliness of the black forest was awful. Far away the howl of a jackal made us shudder.

Presently we came to a clearing on which was built one of those rude shrines consecrated to a hill god. Leaning against the rough temple was the hut of its attendant—priest and hermit in one—who lived on the votive offerings to the deity, a rich but lonely existence. As we trudged around the corner of the shrine we were startled by a ray of light from the small window of the hermit hut. A sound, whose first note sent a thrill of joy through our overwrought nerves, floated clear and sweet on the night air. It was the voice of little Mutiny.

We stole gently to the window and saw through the rough opening, a touching sight. Seated comfortably on a pile of blankets was little Mutiny looking lovingly on a

figure before her—the figure of a man in native dress with long gray hair and sad, wrinkled face, who sat as if spell-bound by the little maid, who was singing half to herself one of the soldier's songs.

For a moment we were silent with sympathy, but we were awakened from our trance by Sergeant McTavish, who burst through the frail door with an oath and had the child in his arms before we could stop him.

Mutiny opened her big eyes wide and looked straight into the rugged Scotch face. Then shaking her finger in a reproving way, said gravely, "Oh, naughty Sergeant Mutavis, you interrupted my moosic and—you *swored*." Then as if exhausted with the weight of this reproof, she flung her arm around his neck and fell fast asleep. "Bless her sma' heart," said the gruff Sergeant, "so I did, and God forgie' me for doing it; but oh, its gude to find the stray lamb again!" and he kissed her flushed cheek, followed quite solemnly by every man in the party, for we could hardly realize our good fortune yet.

"And now," spoke up garrulous little Corporal Flaherty, "let's be asking the hathen gentleman how he can account for the grand larceny of the regiment's jewel." But the Sergeant stepped grimly up to the hermit, who sat steadily gazing at the little girl. "Dekkho turn," he said, in a terrible voice, "how—Kaisa—did you get her?" The man did not answer—his eyes were still fixed on Mutiny.

"Speak, bolo!" shouted the irascible McTavish, stirring him with his foot. The man looked up quickly, a flash in his eyes: "I am an Englishman," he said, quietly.

The sergeant nearly dropped his precious burden. The rest fell back to the walls of the room. I myself felt a little "queered," but managed to say: "Explain yourself man, can't you?"

"It is a long story," he replied, slowly and painfully. "Why did you come here to take *her* away from me? In a single night I lost all that I loved—my wife and child. My hair is gray but I am yet a young man. God forsook me,

so I forsook him. I fled from the accursed race of men. I found this retreat empty. I stained my face and became the priest of Vishnu—the goddess of revenge! Revenge for the mutineers and the siege of Lucknow!" He had risen and his features were working; there was a tinge of insanity in his eyes. At his last words a look of significance passed between the soldiers. He went on more quietly, but pitifully, "when I found that little girl crying near the spring to-night, I couldn't help thinking of my beautiful blue-eyed baby, and for the first time since that awful night my heart grew soft and my eyes moist; but now—" and he broke down utterly.

Without a moment's hesitation Sergeant McTavish walked over to the hermit. "Man," he said, solemnly, "I ne'er was much o' a Presbyterian like my god-father, but I dunna like the way ye said God forsook ye. Tut, tut, man, ye'd better thank him the best ye know how, that he's had mercy on your sinfu' soul, and given ye back your bairn;" and without a word he laid Mutiny in her father's arms.

Charles Bertram Newton.

A RACE O'ER THE MESA.

Aslant the broad Mesa the sun's keen rays shot,
Tinting with crimson each modest green spot,
Kissing all slumber from daisies' bright eyes,
Teaching new songs to the birds in the skies;
Far up the grave mountain, majestically grand,
The snow-crown is jeweled by His potent hand
With myriad diamonds so steadfastly bright,
They seemed like the newly-lit stars of the night.
Our horses were darting as light as the air,
As light as the sunbeams in Miriam's hair.
The gray-golden dawn wooed her loveliest glance
As morning with evening was breaking a lance.
The hot blood of joy coursed fast in my veins,
So spurring on Roland I let loose the reins,
"Let's race o'er the Mesa as far as the glen?"

"Agreed, if you'll promise to answer me then."
Deep blushes surged quick o'er the fair girlish face,
Like the crimson that climbs up the morning apace.
"If I first reach the goal, will thine answer be aye?"
Her fair lips were silent, she made no reply,
But urged on her steed; with quick, eager grace,
He plunged far ahead at a hot, breathless pace.
My heart and my love, my life and my all
In yon fairy glen were held in close thrall,
I dashed madly on, o'er the valleys and hills,
Past bold sculptured rocks and soft splashing rills:
Poor Roland was streaked with white foam and dust
But nobly plunged on; he was one you could trust.
With tongue lolling out, but a spirited eye,
He answered the whip—to win or to die.
With fast-throbbing temples and faltering gait,
He lands me beside her and nearer my fate;
Two lunges,—he falls,—and I at his side:—
The fierce race is won,—and with it a bride.

R. D. Small.

BEE.—The mellow chimes of old Trinity were striking twelve one hot July night, as I turned from Dover street into Front. On the corner I paused a moment to rest by the side of a huge boiler that had once seen service, as its scarred and battered sides plainly showed, but which now lay deserted in the gutter, uncared for and forgotten.

High over my head the faint and monotonous roll of the Bridge cars gave forth a weird and ghostlike sound, as they crept on their journey through the air. Far down the river a hoarse whistle sounded a single deep-toned blast, and ceased. A calm brooded over all. The great warehouses around me stood silent and gloomy like huge spectres, as they reared their massive piles high in the air. Only down in the sweltering, fever-breathing basements, which the poor call home, the glitter of an occasional lamp would shine forth with a dull murky ray. The great city seemed to be resting for a few hours before it once more renewed its daily turmoil and strife.

Rested, I was about to continue on my way when a rasping noise within the boiler attracted my attention. The door was suddenly burst open and a pair of bright eyes, surrounded by a mass of tangled hair, peeped curiously out at me. For a moment I was puzzled as to whether the face belonged to a boy or girl, for the hair was so long and the face so thin and white; but the head was soon followed by the rest of the body, disclosing the ragged form of a little street urchin. "What are you doing there, my boy?" I asked. For a moment he regarded me with evident suspicion, and then looking at me cautiously, answered shortly, "Me and Jum lives here." "Who is Jum?" I said, staggered by this sudden information. By way of reply he dived into the boiler and quickly re-appeared with a small black-and-tan in his arms, whose struggles to lick his face he had hard work to subdue. "This is Jum; ain't he a bully?" On my gravely assenting that he was, his reticence began to disappear, and he grew quite communicative.

"People calls me Bee, an' me an' Jum's fixed up the inside of th' biler pretty slick, an' we lives in there." "Don't you find it pretty cold in winter?" "Yer bet," was the laconic reply; "like to friz last winter, got a cold or suthin' an' it aint left me yet." A heavy spell of coughing followed his words, while the little dog looked up anxiously into his face with a low whine. "Seems as if I'd bust wid dis cough sometimes," he continued, as he pulled his ragged coat about him and gave the dog an affectionate little pat on the head. "Howsomever, I don't suppose it can be helped; we has to scrap pretty lively a sellin' papers for a livin' as 'tis.

After some further talk with him, I said, "Come and see me, Bee, to-morrow, about four o'clock in the afternoon. I am in the editorial rooms of the *Dictator*. Ask for Mr. Lawrence." "You bet, I'll be there, sure. Good-night, sir."

Early the next morning I paid a call on a business friend of mine, who owned several large stables on the water front, and asked him, after telling my experience of the night before, to allow Bee to sleep in the mow of one of them. To this he gave a hearty consent, and when Bee was ushered, red and trembling, into my presence that afternoon, the grateful smile he gave me when I told him what arrangements I had made for his sleeping quarters, amply repaid me for my trouble.

"Think of it, Jum," he said to the dog who had followed him in, "sleepin' in nice, soft hay; won't it be bully, soft and warm? No more hard iron for us."

I saw Bee quite often after this, in the street selling papers, and he seemed to be quite happy in his new lodgings; but I noticed that his cough was getting worse, and his face pale and thinner than ever. It was an earnest little face, stamped with that look of patience which is born of long-endured suffering.

Jum was his constant companion, and the two were inseparable. It was a touching sight to see the love and affection the boy lavished on the little creature. All the warmth of his warped, unhappy little life was centered on him.

One night as I sat late at work in the office, I heard the cry of fire, and looking out the window I saw the sky red with a fierce, angry glow; a light breeze bore to me the dull roar of the fire, intermingled with the loud shouts of the crowd. Hastily putting on my hat, I ran swiftly down the stairs and into the street. A fire-engine dashed madly by, and rushing after it I arrived breathless at the scene of the conflagration. Hastily showing my reporter's badge to the policeman on guard, who was angrily shoving the crowd back, I pushed my way within the fire lines.

The fierce flames, as they hungrily licked up their prey, cast shifting, distorting shadows around me. My eyes were blinded by the intense glow. As I turned to look for a position more sheltered from the heat, a little figure ran by

me whom I recognized as Bee's. "Bee, Bee," I cried, "come here." He ran up to me, his little face white with terror and fear. "It's where I sleep that's burning, and I can't, O, I can't find Jum," he cried chokingly. As I laid my hand soothingly on his shoulder, a sharp bark made us look up.

In the frame of the large window that was used to swing hay into the loft of the burning stable, stood Jum, while the cruel flames curled fiercely around him, whining and looking beseechingly down at Bee.

Only a moment, and then with a hard, dry sob, little Bee tore himself loose from my grasp and rushed through the great doorway into the burning stable. The crowd stood breathless and then a great cheer arose as he appeared, after some time, at the open window.

In the light of the flames I saw him bend down and kiss fondly the head of his little companion, as he took him gently in his arms, then he turned and disappeared once more in the seething mass.

A dull, wrenching sound, and the building swayed, tottered and then fell inward with a mighty crash. A myriad bright sparks flew upward, circling higher and higher until they were lost in the dark depths above.

Bright and glorious the sun rose over the city, gilding the dome of the city hall and dispelling the clouds of dull gray smoke that hung like a pall above it. Once more the streets took up their daily hum and roar; once more they echoed with the noise of restless, hurrying life. But little Bee was at rest.

H. G. Murray.

No. 309.—The hot, yellow sun was slowly sinking in the western sky and the long day was drawing to its close as No. 309 set down his hod of bricks, straightened himself with a sigh, and looked about him for a moment before falling

into the forming line of convicts. Every morning that long, sad line shuffled out in the lock-step to their work in the muddy clay or the hot, stifling kilns, and shuffled back at night to their cells in the great gray buildings.

The red, dusty brick-yard, crowded with the toiling wearers of the hideous black and white striped uniform, shut in by the high fence with its little corner guard-houses where the rifle barrels of the sentries gleamed, ah, how well he knew it all.

On some days, eventful days in such an existence, No. 309 would have work in the prison yard, around the massive granite walls, and from the slight elevation on which they were built he could look over the hateful high fence and across the country. And the landscape that he saw—the little town, about a mile away, with its few white houses and stiff, green cottonwoods, the long line of the railroad and beyond that the yellow prairie, stretching off to the hot, level horizon. What a refreshing sight it was to him. He knew just how it looked, in rain or sun, in summer or winter, and he sometimes drove away the knell-like ringing in his head by thinking of that flat, dull scene, and wondering how soon he should see it again.

Once a party of tourists, delayed in the little town, had strolled up to visit the penitentiary, and had stared at him as he passed them in the yard, first pityingly, then wonderingly, as his strong, hard, clean-shaven face had paled when he glanced at one of their number, a pretty, fair-haired girl. It was so long since he had seen any but those creatures in the "women's wing," and the sweet girlish face had reminded him of the days when he was not a felon, and then it was gone, and became one of his memory's treasures that kept him from sending himself to the graveyard outside the high fence.

It was of her that he was thinking as he came in from the hot day's work this summer evening, shuffling along in that silent file, his hands on the shoulders of the man before him, his head bowed on his breast, neither looking nor

caring where he went, and almost overcome by his great sorrow.

Suddenly, as the ranks broke and the cell doors clanged behind the prisoners, the guard at the end of the corridor called, "309," and the man shambled slowly to him, asking himself in a dull, uninterested way, what might be the occasion of this summons. "It can't be anything worse," he half-murmured.

Through the halls to the warden's office the guard led him, opened the door, motioned him in and closed it.

The warden was sitting at his desk writing. He looked up as the man entered, and his gray eyes, usually keen and stern, seemed to moisten as they fell upon the sad face of the prisoner, then he hastily and silently handed him a roll of paper.

The convict took it, glanced at the writing, the seal, and the Governor's signature. It was his pardon. He did not *show* much emotion. Oh, no; his joy was too great for that!

With a quick, eager step he returned to his cell to pass one more night, the last in the hated prison. For hours he sat there in the darkness, his heart full of an unutterable joy, the joy of assurance that after those long years of a life worse than death, he was now to be no longer a numbered nonentity, but a man, a man with a life before him, a life of promise and of hope. He thought of all that lay before him, of the morning that should bring with it his liberty—till at last he threw himself into his hammock and fell asleep.

The signal for breakfast aroused him, and cheerily No. 309 stepped into line and shuffled off in lock-step for the last time. At the dining-room door he received, as usual, his well-worn tin plate, knife, fork and spoon, and hastened to his place at the long table. How good that plain prison fare tasted to him as he thought that it was his last meal in the prison, and it was with a shade of regret that he glanced up and down the table at the hard faces that he knew so

well. "Poor fellows," he murmured to himself, "they are not to be free to-day."

The meal over, No. 309 was taken to the warden's office again, and then, no longer a mere numbered prisoner, he signed his own name, "John Dewing," to the receipt for his little bundle of the possessions that he had had on entering the prison, years ago. How like old friends his few belongings seemed as he saw them again, and his quaint old open-faced watch seemed to tick merrily as he wound it again.

Then there was a strong hand-clasp and a few kindly words from the warden, and the great gates of the prison swung open, and the world lay before him once more. He heard the bolts slide as the gates shut behind him, and he started down the hill a little way and turned for a last look.

One glance at the gray stone walls, the high fence and the armed sentries, the brick-yard and all the rest, and John Dewing turned his face toward the open stretch of prairie, the little town, with its white houses, and the long line of railroad, and walked with a strong and rapid step down the road. And as his head thrown up and his eyes sparkling with a new light, he drank in the clear air and the warm sunshine, his lips moved as he murmured to himself, "Free."

Paul Burrill Jenkins.

A ROOM IN UNIVERSITY.—It was a pretty room, whose furnishings marked the taste of the owner. Art and Athletics strove for the supremacy in its decoration. Pictures, bric-à-brac and statuary struggled to appear from behind boxing and base-ball gloves, bats, oars, and other sporting miscellany. A wood-fire burning on the hearth lit up the room from time to time. Two pipes glowed softly in the darkness, the magic of the red coals in the fireplace holding both smokers in reveries of the past. Finally one of them broke the silence,—

"Say, Fred, did you know I had a story connected with this room?"

"No; what is it?"

The first speaker wreathed himself in a white cloud of smoke, and puffed vigorously for a moment, as if deliberating how to commence.

"Last winter I did not go to the Junior Prom. But I promised my room to the committee. You know my reputation for keeping my room in the best order isn't *very* great. Well, upon the night of the Junior Prom. I came in at five o'clock from a long walk, tired out. The room was in its usual condition of picturesque confusion and artistic disorder. No attempt had been made to prepare it for its fair visitor. I said to myself, 'If they want the room they can fix it themselves,' and gathering my traps I went over to Bob's room and bunked with him for the night. Next morning I viewed the fair occupant from a distance as she sat in Chapel devoutly listening to the hymn. I thought to myself, if I'd known she was as pretty as that I'd have got down on my knees and scrubbed the floor myself.

"In the afternoon I saw her again as her Freshman brother took her around to see the buildings and the ossified circus in the museum. That evening she went away, I was put in possession of my room, and thought no more of the matter.

"During the summer I went down to the beach for a few weeks. It was evening when I arrived, and I was too tired to hunt up my friends' cottage that night, so I went to a hotel, and after dinner took a stroll on the sands. A couple passed me, one of whom was a girl whose face I was sure I had seen before, and when they came back towards me I looked more closely. The girl in passing gave me a careless glance, and as she did so it flashed across me who she was. It was the girl who had had my room at the Junior Prom.

"A few days later I met her, for it is not hard to make acquaintances at the sea shore. Of course she soon dis-

covered that I came from Princeton, and informed me that she had been at the Prom.

"One day, as we were sitting on the beach, she said 'Do you know the man who rooms in — University?' I answered 'yes.'

" 'What kind of a fellow is he, anyway?' This was embarrassing for me. I stammered for a moment, and said 'Oh-I-I don't know. I'm not very well acquainted with him.'

" 'Well,' she returned 'you just ought to see his room!' and then she proceeded to give a description of the chaos and disorder that reigned supreme in that room; while she expressed in strong terms her opinion of the man who would keep his room in such a way. 'Tell me,' said she, enquiringly, 'how many pipes are necessary to the felicity of a college student? I counted thirteen dirty, black ones in that room.' Now, I could stand the abuse of my room, but when she railed against my beloved pipes, my ire was aroused, and I had hard work to suppress myself. 'As you know him,' continued she, 'tell me his name.' 'Burton,' I answered, 'and I am the unhappy fellow whose room was honored by your presence.'

"I had been reserving this little shaft till the last, for revenge, hoping to see her start with consternation and shame.

"But to my surprise she merely laughed and said, 'How strange.'

"That she should speak so disrespectfully behind my back, as it were, and then when she found out whose room it was, to show so little remorse over it, was truly aggravating. But for some reason or other, I found it better to swallow my wrath, for I did not want to lose her acquaintance.

"One evening, two weeks after this talk, I was sitting with somebody in a very dark corner of the veranda. After sitting for some time watching the rising moon, I bent towards her and said, I wish you would tell me something. 'Why did you take it so composedly when you found out

that it was my room you had been talking about so outrageously?"

"She gave a little laugh and answered, 'Why, you goose, I knew it was you all the time, for I saw your name written in a book in that room.'"

* * * * *

The speaker paused. The firelight flashed and died away. All was silent save for a gentle snore, which came from the depths of an arm chair. Soon another snore joined the first. From its place on the wall, a skull grinned hideously across at the Indian idol, as if moved by some rare secret known only to them.

C. Waldo Cherry.

A LESSON.

Gray pebbles of the glaciers' shore,
Heaped by her icy hands of yore;
Green trees that nod, and whispering stand,
And dare defy the boulders grand;
Sweet sunlight with thy gentle rays,
Painting with gold the greens and grays;
Light breezes from those cisterns fair;
The azure depths of boundless air;
Teach me in Nature's artless way,
The art of flinging care away.

C. B. Newton.

A BIT OF CORRESPONDENCE.

Miss Dorothea Lyse to Miss Emily Van Dalen.

PARKDALE, Mass., Sept. 5, 1887.

I reached Parkdale last Tuesday. I don't think that I ever saw such a delightful neighborhood. The scenery makes up for the scarcity of people. I don't care to meet anyone just now, and so am completely satisfied with my

surroundings. The old farm-house in which I am staying is cool and pleasant, and dear old Aunt Cynthia is so kind to me that I think I could stay here all summer without getting lonesome—except for your company, Emily.

I wonder where Mr. Cartwright is. Just think, Emily, it is only a week ago since I was busy preparing for the wedding, and then came that foolish quarrel, and Lucius—I suppose I ought to say Mr. Cartwright—went, I don't know where, to one of his country residences, while I am up here in this New England village. I am trying to get over it somehow, and am trying to forget him, but, Emily, it has been such a short time that I * * * *

Extract from the Diary of Mr. Lucius Cartwright.

Sept. 8, 1887.

With as much emphasis as a stub pen and jet black ink can give to my statement, I would like to assert that I am a *fool*. If there were a prize offered for the individual who could make the biggest ass of himself, under the least possible provocation, it would be awarded to Lucius Cartwright. Merciful Heavens! What grounds did that angel Dorothea ever give me for my foolish unreasoning jealousy?

I am sick and tired of this place, although everyone considers it such a beautiful estate. If my father hadn't thought so much of it, I believe that I would sell it and go off to Europe or out on the plains—anything, in short, to get away from myself.

Sept. 13, 1887.

It has been much cooler than the ordinary September day, and I resolved to spend the afternoon in fishing. Back of the house, about a quarter of a mile, there is a little lake. It is well stocked with fish, and I anticipated a rare time. A half hour's walk up the brook, which is the outlet of the lake, brought me to my destination. It is near the inlet that the best fishing is to be found, and so I pushed

through the bushes around its edge. I saw a rod sticking forth from behind a willow tree. I had more than once caught youngsters poaching, and here evidently was one more to be added to the list. I crept silently toward the spot where the offender was sitting, with my rod upraised to administer a thrashing to the culprit, when suddenly I dropped my rod and * * * * *

Miss Dorothea Lysee to Miss Emily Van Dalen.

PARKDALE, Mass., Sept. 18, 1889.

DEAR EMILY:

What do you think? The strangest thing happened today. I had got so tired staying in-doors that I resolved to spend the afternoon fishing. When I declared my intentions at lunch uncle said there wasn't any place around suitable for such sport, except the small lake on the other side of the hill, and that was on private property. I said nothing further on the subject, but afterwards, when Uncle and the boys had gone out to the fields and Aunt Cynthia was absorbed with household affairs, I stole out into the shed, where I had seen some fishing tackle and took it down for examination. I felt very venturesome, and so I resolved to go fishing all by myself, and on private property, too. Don't ask me how I managed to get the bait, for I won't tell. I succeeded to steal away from the house unobserved, and walked quickly down the road and took the by-path that leads into the wood by which the lake is surrounded. This path led right to the prettiest spot you can imagine, right on the edge of the lake. Here, surely, was the place to cast my line. After several attempts I succeeded in baiting the hook and throwing out my line as far as I could. I sat down on the soft sloping bank to await results. What a secluded, cozy nook it was—perhaps a better place for meditation than for fishing. The walk that I had taken had been very exhilarating, and for a time I had forgotten my troubles. But when I had sat there in the shade for a few minutes I began to lose interest in my frolic. Two

weeks since I had seen *him* last, but it seemed an age. The rod dropped from my hands, and I am afraid that my handkerchief went to my eyes as I thought of our parting. I resolved to return to the farmhouse at once, for the fishing and scenery had lost all their charms. But will you believe me, at that very moment the bushes parted, and—it was Lucius.

Loren M. Luke.

A NOVEL ROMANCE.—Mr. Richard Argyle had always labored under the impression that he was a literary man. Back in the old college days when he won essay prizes, when he was editor of his college magazine and received favorable notices from the various exchanges, even then he regarded himself as touched with the divine fire. Of course he did not for a moment think that his career was to end there. He looked far beyond the college literary world and he thought now, six years after graduation, that he was in a fair way to realize his ambition. He congratulated himself on the advance that he had made since then. He could see what radical defects his essays had in thought and style, and those little squibs which he had dubbed stories, how trivial they all seemed now in the light of his higher development. How much more simple and eloquent his style had become than the bombastic grandiloquence of these earlier efforts.

And yet, (Mr. Argyle often wondered why he had to use that phrase) and yet the public refused to recognize his ability. For he had pursued the writing of fiction since he had left college, believing that to be the surest way to popular favor. He felt that he had excellent characterization, and his plots were certainly strikingly original; he surely was not open to the charge of sensationalism; and yet the literary world, for some presumably unknown

reason, would not accept him as anything more than commonplace.

It is a sad fact in nature that a man is never quite satisfied with his own talent. Not the really great men of course who are passionately devoted to their art, but the mediocre men generally want to be something else than what they are.

To this latter class belonged Mr. Argyle. His ambition to be a literary man overbalanced and degraded all his high artistic talent which even the *connoisseurs* of art circles could not deny. He had several oils in the metropolitan museum and one in Vienna. But these he had painted only for amusement.

It happened very fortunately to Argyle that he had fallen in love with Helen Courtenay. For as he was writing a novel which was to be based on the tenets of the realistic school, he wished to draw as much as possible from experience. He was fully satisfied with the plot and development, and he flattered himself that his characterization had never been better displayed.

It was very natural that he should have fallen in love with Miss Courtenay. For she was a lady of very high literary reputation. She had published two or three novels which had made a great sensation, and her friends confidently predicted that she would before long be the leading literary light of the city, for she was still very young.

"Only twenty-five," her father had remarked confidentially to a friend, "only twenty-five and pretty well toward the top of the heap. If her next novel's as good as her last I expect her to be at the very top." For old Mr. Courtenay had a wild desire to see this daughter of his famous.

Miss Courtenay's tastes were, however, in the main artistic. As Argyle painted for amusement so she wrote for amusement, and instead of being enthusiastic in her literary ambition she made that only secondary. Her real desire was to paint and play, to speak through color and throw every shifting sentiment and feeling upon canvas, to sing

in grand old concert halls and thrill the great audience with silent raptures at the melody. For Miss Courtenay being a young lady of taste and considering music and painting as the highest expressions of beauty, it was only natural that she should prefer them to literature itself. But all her efforts to realize her ambition were without avail. The scales were unconquerable and her oils were unrecognizable daubs. So after a hundred futile attempts Miss Courtenay came to the rational conclusion that her peculiar function in art was to admire and criticise rather than create.

So it was not strange that the twain fell in love and in the short space of two months. For both were endowed with high talent and each possessed the peculiar quality which the other lacked.

But Argyle did not impress old Mr. Courtenay very favorably, for it was the old gentleman's firm determination that his daughter should marry no one who had not achieved a literary reputation or who gave evidence of genius in that line. So one morning when Argyle said, after a hard attempt to turn the conversation in that direction, "I have a proposition to make, Mr. Courtenay," borrowing a phrase from one of his own novels, "I have a proposition to make in regard to your daughter," the old gentleman only answered shrewdly, "You need make no proposition, Mr. Argyle; I understand it perfectly, and it requires no explanation except to say that my daughter marries no one who has not a literary reputation or who shows signs of genius."

"I only ask you to judge me fairly Mr. Courtenay," said Argyle. "I have a novel here which will convince you. It must, Mr. Courtenay, it must; it is the effort of my life." "Very well, I will look over it to-day. To-morrow you may call again."

The next day the would-be novelist called and met a rather chilling reception.

"Your novel lacks life, plot, power, almost everything to make a great story. You have high talent in other lines.

Why don't you use it? But in regard to the proposition, I can only reiterate my statement of yesterday."

And Mr. Argyle after a few minutes' further conversation went away a sadder but a wiser man.

Much was the confusion when Miss Courtenay heard the news. "Papa is so childish," she said, apologetically. "When he gets an idea nothing under the sun can persuade him into anything else."

"But Helen, what are we to do? I have done my best and it won't persuade him."

"Richard," she answered, with the eagerness of a new idea, "I have a scheme. Papa enjoys my stories very much. I wonder if we could not write one together."

"We might try," he answered, despondently, "if you do most of the writing."

* * * * *

Four months later and Mr. Argyle made another proposition to old Mr. Courtenay. The novel had been published and made a decided hit.

The literary columns in the papers praised its author as a new star in the literary firmament. The more conservative pronounced it worthy of Miss Courtenay herself, and one periodical which had always supported that young lady most firmly was fair enough to overcome its prejudice, and with the true instinct for puffing, say that it was the best thing since Hawthorne.

So of course when Argyle made his second proposition to the old gentleman he was very warmly received. Mr. Courtenay only said, "I was pretty badly mistaken in you, Mr. Argyle."

"It was quite an idea, wasn't it Richard," said Helen, as they sat on the varanda that evening. "Yes," with a little smile, "quite a novel romance. Only don't let your father know."

W. A. Dunn.

AN APOLOGY.

Forgive me love, if I amiss,
The other evening stole a kiss;
But that sweet smiling face of thine,
Wreathed by its tresses, soft and fine,
Was just a bit too close to mine.

You know you raised your head to hear,
What I was whispering in your ear;
When in an instant our lips met:
Sweet memories linger of it yet,
Sometimes, you know, love will forget.

H. G. Muray.

EDITORIALS.

OUR thanks are due to Profs. Miller and Harper and Mr. Wallace, for their services as judges in the Lit. Prize Sketch contest. The prize is awarded to Mr. R. D. Small, of the Senior Class.

CONTRIBUTIONS to the October Lit. will be due Monday, October 3d, 1892.

SUBSCRIBERS rooming in town or college, intending to change their address in the fall, will please send or leave notice at N. M. R., before October 15th.

OUR GYMNASTIC FACILITIES.

THERE seems to be an impression abroad, which in spite of the repeated negations of those who should know best, in spite of the frequent complaints of the students themselves, clings with provoking tenacity to the public mind—namely, that Princeton, whatever are her other needs, is fairly well equipped with a gymnasium. Visitors see what appears to be a good-sized building; they look perhaps through the main hall, which appears, to an unpracticed eye, to be of suitable dimensions, and they fail utterly to realize what a really crying need there is for something in keeping with the opportunities and necessities of physical culture in a college of over nine hundred students.

The fact of the matter is simply this: With our fine athletic facilities, with all the prospective advantages of the coming Brokaw field, we are beginning at the wrong end.

We are giving to the few whose previous advantages have already endowed them with good physiques, splendid chances for athletic work. We are getting the opportunities for out-door amusement in the seasons when it is possible, but as to training those who come here with medium powers, as to developing the many who have no taste or knack for games, as to affording healthy exercise through the long months when the sedentary life of a student needs it most—well, there is the Gym. ! Yes, there is the Gym. ; and what is the Gym. ? Looked at, not from the casual observer's standpoint, but from the practical, every-day point of view, is it really sufficiently adequate, and are we childishly asking for a new toy, or have we just grounds for complaint ? We have only to compare our own with the gymnastic facilities of Yale or Harvard, with their ample buildings and complete courses, not to mention smaller colleges, to see that our complaint has a solid basis. The arrangement and number of lockers, the lavatory department and all the lower floor of the present gymnasium are simply disgraceful—no other term is strong enough—while the gymnasium proper is utterly too small for the work that should be done in such a community. There is, in fact, hardly a prep. school of any size which has not a more convenient and attractive if not a larger Gym. The result is that men entering college are disgusted at once, and will not go near Gym. at all. We concede that this is not right, that we should make the best of what we have, and that in doing so much good can be obtained. One has only to look at the success of our gymnastic team to be convinced of this. Nevertheless, as we have already intimated, it is not for specialization, not for the few who have the hardihood to overcome the drawbacks of their environment, but for the general good, for raising the physical standard of the whole college and so promoting not only good health and good scholarship, but improving and strengthening athletics that a gymnasium is needed. Surely it is evident that none of these things are accomplished by

the present one, and surely if athletics are worth maintaining, if good health is anything to young men, and if such health has any influence on their mental and moral condition, then our desire for a large and adequate building is well founded.

FROM THE UNDERGRADUATE STANDPOINT.

WE cannot agree with an editorial which appeared some time ago in the *Princetonian* in regard to the lecture courses and Sunday services of the year. The optimistic view taken by our contemporary was doubtless the pleasantest and most agreeable way of looking at things, and it is not our wish nor purpose to criticise, for the sake of criticism, the prevailing order of things. But we do believe that it is within our province, is in fact our duty, to reflect as much as possible the sentiment of the undergraduates, and that in the present instance this sentiment has been misrepresented.

Whether rightly or wrongly there can be no doubt that there has been much dissatisfaction among the students in both these directions. When the Spencer Trask Course was announced it was greeted with enthusiasm, and the anticipation of the supply of a long-felt want, but when the time passed and brought only a *single* lecture there could not but be disappointment. To be sure the Whig Hall lectures have been a most acceptable innovation, but they were by no means numerous, nor were they on the broadest or most live topics. The year has closed and the truth stares us in the face that not a single lecture have we had on any of the questions of the day, or on any of the many topics, philosophic and literary, which interest and agitate the world of letters. Is this in keeping with a broad University spirit? Is it fair that we should be worse off than many of the towns where a business man, through the Extension movement, has opportunities better than we can boast?

The subject of the Chapel preaching is a delicate one. But if it is as important a factor in college life as it is claimed

to be,—as it undoubtedly should be,—is it not right that we should approach it seriously and face the matter squarely? Making every allowance for the college man's abnormal criticality, for the huge self-satisfaction of the average student, and his inveterate predilection for picking flaws in everything, it must be admitted that if approached on the side of his sympathy and interest no one can be better held or influenced—that a college audience if not charitable is still not apathetic, if not docile is still not unsusceptible. If this is at all true it seems strange that, situated as we are between two great cities, we cannot adopt the methods found so successful elsewhere, and instead of an irregular supply from abroad, have courses of sermons by such eminent preachers as are obtainable, who shall treat on those subjects of practical morals with which the pulpit of to-day is more occupied with than ever before, and which are so much needed by young men who must soon face the problems of life.

As it is, there is inevitably a lack of continuity, or, as has once or twice been the case, an actual repetition of subject on successive Sundays, and the result has been disastrous to the very purpose and interest of our Sunday services. Were the complaints that one hears from week to week, occasional and desultory, we might lay the blame on that natural contrariness which has been already granted, but wide-spread as they are, we believe they must have some foundation. If the chapel service is for our good is it not fair to consider, not whether it *ought* to do that good, but whether it *does* it; and if there is any proof to the contrary, may we not quote the example of the great exemplar of Christianity, who was "all things to all men?"

Let us repeat that we have not said what we have said in any spirit of criticism. We realize that there are difficulties in the way, and we are certain that all that could be done in the past has been done. We have only attempted to state plainly the undergraduate view of two such important questions.

GOSSIP.

Yes, let the young be gay,
And sun themselves to-day.

* * * * *

Can we forget one friend,
Can we forget one face,
Which cheered us toward our end?

—Charles Kingsley.

Music and laughter thrill the air;
The music's good, the wit is fair,

—Sturvy.

TABLE gossip in Princeton is one of our "aids to education." Few clubs leave the dessert and coffee of dinner on the run. Breakfast is not the gossip hour; men arise at such different times that the morning meal is usually eaten by twos or threes. Luncheon is hurried over by some, dawdled over by others.

It is dinner that brings the whole club together for discussion and talk. Then the brown and glossy pipe inspires glowing confidence; smoke-wreaths of brunette cigars bring reveried musings, and the ever-blooming fragrant cigarette, the heartiest good cheer. Good fellowship is strong at this hour, although the airy gag may wing its way from mouth to heart and stab the very vitals of one's foibles. Men like each other after dinner and the world is warm. It is the period of "Over the Nicotine."

If one man arise saying, "Lo, fellows, it behooveth me to be at my books," immediately do those that be left behind fall to discussing him; his faults, his mannerisms, his affectations, his good-heartedness and how much money his governor hath. But this is all really, from its innermost parts, full of good-will. The men we criticise, we like, and for even the Parialis we will have a loving memory when we are Alumini at something small a month.

Over the nicotine each evening we talk of the 'Varsity; of the Glee Club; of what the last *Princetonian* said; of the other college papers; of "that man Blank;" of our instructors; of the Freshmen; of exams, past and to come; of our dances and the girl Smithie had down; of Brown's love affair; and of the latest freaks of sportive youths.

Winky Robinson says he can't understand what that Johnson is doing on the team. Tumny Wilson dreamily expresses the opinion that "that man Johnson is perfectly rotten." Toodles, gazing admiringly upon the smoke-rings he is blowing (caring naught for fearfully distorted visage), remarks that Johnson could not catch a lame turtle, much less a long fly.

Some one else begs to differ, because Johnson is a regular ball-poller,

a winner at it, and fills his hand every time the elusive sphere wobbles over his dominion. We speak of our teams sadly at times, hopefully and pluckily always, and a vigorous, heartfelt joy ever greets their victories.

As we go out into the evening air from after-dinner discussion, what is it that makes us feel like singing and why does the whole club, from Stumpy Tinker, who has a voice like a coffee-mill, to Jimmie Fetern, who sports a beautiful baritone, break with jovial swing into the last popular ditty? College music is a unique thing and is all-pervading. It is one of those things most typical of college life. It is attractive to the world at large, or our glee, banjo and mandolin organization could not take successful trips. The memory of this college music will be one of our most treasured recollections when we go out from Princeton; and the attempt to hum one of the old songs may bring more than cough-drawn tears when we have grown old and asthmatic.

Oh, these things that are ours now and that some day we will look back to! Our singing going roomwards from the club will be one thing we will remember. Pictures will come to us too, and fragmentary airs of the old songs of the Seniors on the steps, and we will see again the white-clad loungers under the elms, listening and sprawling in the grass. Individual and special sketch-like glimpses will come, too—that dearest of boys, "Doolan," his round face all agleam, taking that large cigar from his mouth to look up and grin a cordial greeting; tall and strong, old Willerby, with the hale, dark ivy of North for a background against which his straight young dignity is sketched, and a multitude of shadowy forms—dear and well beloved.

Our college music (beautiful, even the most hideous attempts at it) is in the air all the time. It is tinkled out by mandolins and guitars on the broad veranda roof of University; plunked and plinked from banjos on Witherspoon porch and the little porticos of Reunion and Dod. Gay songs, harmonious and otherwise, chords from singers strolling through the leaf-flecked, speckled shadows of the campus, when the moon is bright, float up to lamp-lit windows of the weary poller and song and ballad stir belated midnight breezes, then rest awhile, except when roysterers are abroad, to begin again with "Old Hundred" at the close of morning chapel.

College humor is as pervading as our music and is as unique, but of a wide range and is varied much in form and application.

One morning last week Stubby Perkins approached the abode (in West) of his friend, Mr. William Blenner, and knocked on the door. Stubby is tall and genial and Blenner is short and jovial. Upon his friend's "come in," Stubby stood upon the threshold and in the somewhat hushed and respectful voice of valet to master, asked to be informed as to whether breakfast should be sent up or did Mr. Blenner desire to eat in the breakfast room. He also announced that the bath was ready.

Mr. Blenner (known to most of his friends as Chicken) sat down in a worm-eaten leather chair and replied, with much solemnity and after a period of consideration, that he thought he would have the meal served in his chamber; that it was deuced bad in the morning and not quite form, but he thought he would have some truffles and champagne.

"Would you care to have the drag brought around after breakfast, sir?" asked Stubby.

"Yes, I think so, James; put that new pair in—I rather feel like a morning spin," answered Mr. Blenner. "Any calls this morning?"

"Yes, sir, the Duke was here; I told him you had not arisen, and he said he would see you in the park or on the mall."

"James, you should have awakened me," responded Mr. Blenner, with an air of some sternness; "I am always at home to the Duke. Was there anybody else?"

"The Prince of Wales sent around to see if you wished to go into a little game to-night, and the Chamberlain was here from the Queen."

"Ah, yes, she wants to get my opinion upon Prince George's marriage. I'll have to look her up to-day, I suppose, though I did want to go out and see how the stable was getting along; its getting near the Derby. I had a notion of having the yacht brought up, too, and taking a little—Oh, by the way, any tradesmen here?"

"Yes, sir, several; very anxious."

"I'll see about them after the Derby," said Mr. Blenner, reflectively, filling a mouth-piecelless pipe with Caporal tobacco. "Anyone else?"

"Yes, sir; five or six reporters. I told them my orders were to admit no one, sir; that you positively declined to be interviewed."

"Oh, yes; that was right, James. It's deuced annoying, but I suppose my affair with the Countess has leaked out. No, I will see no reporters."

"Mr. Gladstone sent to know if he might borrow this little work," said Stubby, picking up a Political Economy Syllabus, which was the real object of his visit. "Copies are very rare, as Lord Salisbury is said to have bought up almost the entire edition. Mr. Gladstone promised to return it by luncheon, if you could spare it until then, sir."

"Certainly, James, Mr. Gladstone may have it; I should be sorry to disappoint Ewart." Then, as Stubby turned to go, "Send breakfast right up, and let the drag be brought around."

"Very well, sir," replied Stubby, and, without smiling, he stuffed the syllabus in his pocket and passed out into the entry, where he broke into a thunderous edition of "Annie Lale."

For three months the village, the village of beautiful homes it might be called, will lie drowsy, quiet and undisturbed. Servant girls and muckers will spoon on the steps of Old North, and small boys will play hide-and-seek, smoke stumps of bad cigars and use bad language 'neath the elms of Princeton. "But a time will come," as Harold Ashby says, in the third act, when invigorating winds and the approach of frosts will enliven the student intellect; when the palling of summer girls and

the turning of the leaves will stir up a desire for variety in the student heart; and there will come a new glad feeling of fullness in the student pocket.

Quickly, then, will we descend to the platform of our spacious "Deepow," there to find, blatant and haughty, clad in flaring hat and garish colors, an air of cussedness and deviltry expressed "in every line," the meekest, smallest, pale-eyed and frightened of this year's Freshmen.

Until then, we bid you all a cheery *au revoir*. To you, '92, we must say a grateful and affectionate farewell.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE are now far advanced in that delightful season of the year wherein a man, if he be mindful of the seasons' changes, eats lighter food than is his wont during the rest of the time, wears lighter clothing and reads lighter books. The fruit and vegetable of the summer months have less nourishment than our more solid winter fare; our summer suits last for a shorter time than the heavier garments. The same thing may be said of summer books—our mental food and clothing. They contain less nourishment per page and are far less enduring in value than the ordinary cumbersome volumes of the winter. But we can no more get along without lighter books than we can without lighter food and clothing. We would no more think of carrying such authors as Shakespeare or Bacon to the sea-shore or the mountains than we would of transporting thither the heavy storm coats which have stood us in such good stead against the snow and north winds. Imagine, if your imagination is capable of such a stretch, a student in his vacation absorbed in such writers as Bagehot and Ueberweg. However kindly the average undergraduate may be disposed toward these gentlemen he must have more frivolous company when he leaves the campus. Then what a relief it is to turn to a *minor* author, every line of whose writing is not loaded with a weighty thought; half a dozen ideas at the most is all we expect, and we are amply satisfied. If the lesser lights of literature ever had any excuse for emitting their feeble rays, which such an authority as Ralph Waldo Emerson claims they have not, it is during the hot weather. Then it is that their perusal gives us a vast deal of pleasure, for they never attempt to give us instruction except in homeopathic doses—agreeable to the taste and scarcely perceptible in their effects on the system.

But, contrary to the general practice, I would not limit summer reading to novels alone. Of course they must form the most important staple of a light literary diet, but several courses ought to be left for poems and essays. Notwithstanding the current impression, there are such products as light poems and light essays, but the ordinary circulating library does not furnish them. In the intervals of reading authors like F. Marion Crawford, William Black and Walter Besant, let us find time for essayists of the type which is represented by Miss Agnes Repplier, and for poetry like "A Little Book of Western Verse," by Mr. Eugene Field. Miss Repplier has done most of her writing for the *Atlantic*, and it is in a volume of essays, gathered from the pages of that magazine, that her best work is to be found. Her witty manner, and the airy, delightful style in which she writes on "The Decay of Sentiment," "On the Benefits of Superstition," "Esoteric Economy," and other pleasing titles, reminds

us of the *Essays of Elia*. The method in which she treats these topics is that which only a bright woman with a keen sense of the humorous could follow up. Mr. Field's book of poems is a shining example of what Chicago can do in other than material lines. Here one can read almost as many varieties of verse as there are pages. "Casey's Table D'Hôte" and "Little Mack" have a distinctive Western flavor, like the work of Bret Harte, while the translations of Horace and the poem entitled "The Mother and Child," are more akin to the finished verse of Mr. Aldrich.

It is the books of this style that the reader will enjoy when the ordinary novel begins to pall on his taste. Mr. Higginson's *Essays*, Maurice Thompson's *Poems*, Joseph Jefferson's *Autobiography*, Miss Masson's *Women of the French Salons*, are a few among the many books, other than novels, suitable for summer reading. But tastes, strange to say, are different, and many of us will be amply satisfied with a list containing Mr. Howells' "Quality of Mercy," Mr. Richard Harding Davis' "Van Bibber and Others," George Du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" and Mr. Hardy's "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

THE MAGAZINES.

The June *Cosmopolitan* opens with a story by Mr. T. A. Janvier, entitled "In the St. Peter's Set." It sets forth the struggles of a family to obtain an entrance into Philadelphia's best society. Mr. Port is a well-drawn character, created in one of the author's earlier stories and here re-introduced. St. George Mivarts has a paper on "Evolution and Christianity," the first of a series. In "Recent British Fiction" Brander Matthews gives a criticism on "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "David Grieve." "New Zealand, by Edward Wakefield, gives an interesting account of a land which is so well known to British sportsmen. Miss Hewitt gives some very sound advice to collectors in "Fashions and Counterfeits of Bric-à-Brac." Howard Pyle has a peculiar, mystical story, "To the Soil of the Earth." "Our Fur-Seal Rookeries" is a timely contribution in which the author emphasizes the necessity of preserving the seals. Other important articles are, "The Working of the Labor Department" and "The Aeroplane," in which Hiram S. Maxim, the great inventor of aerial machines, discusses the navigation of the air. The verse of the number, including poems by Lowell and Maurice Thompson, is up to the magazine standard.

The contents of the *Arena* embrace "Science, History, Ethics, Economics, Politics, Literary Criticism, Education, Psychic Science and Fiction." Prof. Dolbear's article on "The Ether and its Newly Discovered Properties," is a popular discussion of a much-vexed subject. Louise Chandler Moulton in, "Three English Poets," criticises Sir Edwin Arnold, William Morris and Owen Meredith. "The Democracy of Darkness," by B. O. Flower, is a powerful picture of the degradation of

the lowest society of the cities. He proposes a plan for elevating this "social cellar." Seldom do we get a more earnest, able paper than this on the great question which stands forth so prominently before the world to-day. David N. Holiday treats of "Life Insurance, Its Rise and Marvellous Growth." Among other articles are, "The True Basis of Currency," "The Bed Rock of True Democracy," and the conclusion of the story by Hamlin Garland.

Strange as it may seem, *Scribner's* for June has no short stories. Robert Grant concluded his sketches, "The Reflections of a Married Man." We hope to see them published in book form. "Life in New York Tenement Houses," is by William T. Elsing, Princeton, '79. His experience as city missionary has given him opportunities which few can obtain, of looking into the lives of the New York poor. "An Ascent of Mt. Ætna," with illustrations by the author, A. F. Jaccaci, is an entertaining account of the great volcano. "Rapid Transit in Great Cities," is a statistical calculation of the cost of a scheme for its solution. "A Memory of the Chicago Fire," by Professor David S. Wing, is a graphic description of one of the greatest conflagrations that the New World has ever seen. The cow-boy and other elements of life on our western frontier are included in "Cattle-trails of the Prairies," by Chas. Harger.

The negro is by far the most perplexing element in our heterogeneous population, and W. T. Harris' articles in the *Atlantic* sets forth in "The Education of the Negro" the means by which we may avert this great danger to our civilization. Most impartial thinkers are agreed that education is the only solution of the negro problem. We have had occasion before to mention Miss Repplier, and it is only necessary to say that "Agrippina, a Cat Study," is up to her usual standard. The "Emerson-Thoreau Correspondence" gives us some of Mr. Emerson's impressions of his visit to Europe. "John Austin," one of the greatest writers on jurisprudence that England has produced, receives charming treatment in the reminiscences told by his granddaughter, Miss Janet Ross. Olive Thorne Miller never wearies in describing to us her friends, the birds, among which the "Witching Wren" holds a high place. The words of the closing sentence of an article on "Walt Whitman" is the best that can be said of that author: "There is a law of life for great poetry, and Whitman was not obedient to it; though we may call him a Titan, he will meet the fate of Titans."

The late Roswell Smith, by whose efforts the *Century* was lifted to its high place among American magazines, is the subject of a number of contributions to the June number. In "Budapest," Dr. Albert Shaw describes the rise of a new metropolis. Dr. Shaw is one of the best authorities on municipal governments, a number of which he has described for the *Century*. Henry B. Fuller, author of the "Chevalier of Pensieri-Vani," begins a serial, "The Chatelaine of La Trinité." This author's first novel received warm praise from Lowell, and we have no doubt that the second will be even better. The scene is laid in Switzer-

land. Mr. Stedman, in his fourth article on "the Nature and Elements of Poetry," treats of Melancholia." In the face of such work as Mr. Steadman is doing it is idle to assert that America has no capable critics. Emilio Castelar's second article on Columbus describes the great explorer "In Search of a Patron." Other articles are "The Great Unknown," by J. B. Holder; "Early Political Caricature in America," by J. B. Bishop, and "Mt. St. Elias Revisited," by I. C. Russel.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* is an etching after a painting by Adolphe Schreyer, "On the Road—Wallachia." The editor of the magazine discusses the exhibition at the "Royal Academy," the article being illustrated with reproductions of some of the best work there exhibited; "Press Day and Critics," by M. H. Spielman, gives us glimpses into the artist-life of such men as Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang and Humphrey Ward. "George Du Maurier, Romanticist," the author of Peter Ibbetson, which he himself illustrated, is treated in an appreciative manner by W. D. Scull. Another important contribution is "The Dixon Bequest at Bethnal Green."

The first number of the *Yale Review*, a quarterly journal of history and political science, comes to our table. This magazine is edited by the professors of Yale College, and is marked by a scholarly spirit well befitting its editors. In "Comment," we have a short but thoughtful treatment of "The Probable Effect of the Existing Silver Law," and the "Dissolution of the Standard Oil Trust." "German Tariff Policy, Past and Present," is a historical and critical survey of the subject, by Henry Villard and H. W. Farnam. Arthur T. Hadley, in "Legal Theories of Price Regulation," deals with the question of the government and the railroads. "Massachusetts and the Saybrook Platform," by Williston Walker, and "The Demarcation Line of Pope Alexander VI," by E. G. Bowne, are two of the most solid articles in this most solid of magazines.

Dr. Andrew D. White, in the *Popular Science Monthly* for June, writes on the "Retreat of Theology in the Galileo Case," showing how the church had to yield to science, as exemplified in the case of the great astronomer. "What are Diatoms?" is a question raised by Emily L. Gregory, and the author answers in an illustrated article. The curious operations of one of the insect aiders of plant fertilization are described by Prof. C. V. Riley, in "The Yucca Moth and Yucca Pollinectin." The state laws in regard to railroads are far from being uniform, and Appleton Morgan heads his article, "Wanted—A Railway Court of Last Resort." "The Ancient Civilizations of America," by Prof. J. S. Newberry, embraces an account of the mound-builders and the "palace-builders." Dr. Chapin, in "The Survival of the Unfit," points out the fact that our vicious classes are constantly increasing, while no effort is being made to prevent them from becoming a greater and greater burden on the community. "Korean Mountains and Mountaineers," by C. W. Campbell; "Dust and Fresh Air," by T. P. Teale, F. R. S.; and "The Colors of Water," by Carl Vogt, are among other interesting articles.

EXCHANGES.

The most interesting publication that has reached the Table for many weeks is the *Lantern*, an annual published by the students of Bryn Mawr. The frontispiece is by no means the least attractive feature of this pretty magazine. The editorial department gives us a little glimpse into the life of the college. The general tone of the contents indicates a high degree of literary merit. The only matter of regret is that such ability is confined to an annual.

The two most important articles in the *Amherst Lit.* are "Edward Rowland Sill; A Study" and "My First Acquaintance with Edward Rowland Sill."

Wellesley is agitating through the columns of the *Prelude* the question of a literary monthly. The last literary number of the *Prelude* is in itself the best argument for the establishment of such a magazine.

The Contributors' Club is the best part of the May number of the *Dartmouth*.

THE SHEPHERD.

When from her Eastern chamber comes the sun,
And all the sky with crimson is ablaze,
While o'er the earth the eager light does run,
And morning dew-drops sparkle in the rays,
He leads his flock, with crook in hand,
Down to their pleasant pasture land.

Oft times, half covered by the fragrant grass,
'Mid buttercups and daisies bright he'll lie
And watch the fleecy clouds while on they pass
As ships before the wind go sailing by.
Now like a field of softest snow they seem,
Or storied castle of some Fairie dream.

He knows each season's flower, and every bird
Is a dear friend to him, their softest note
Charms his quick ear as round him, undisturbed,
Through the clear air on joyful wings they float,
Or, perched upon some neighboring tree,
Pour forth exquisite melody.

How happy Nature's friends! To them she shows
A thousand beauties hid to common eyes,
A sheltered dell, where Spring's first flower grows,
A hidden wood, where sweetest songs arise.
To those who seek her all her charms are known,
For Nature must be wooed if she be won.

—*Yale Lit.*

CONFIDENCE.

The sea heard, and the deep, sad sea
Throbb'd with one bitter secret more,
But set no murmuring rumor free
By wind or wave, by cave or shore.

The stars saw, but no trembling star
Of all that wide, bewildering train
Has ever whispered from afar
The story of this hopeless pain.

The night knew, but the tender night
Unveils no tears, betrays no sighs;
She wraps away from sound and sight
Despairing hearts and watching eyes.

What if the night and stars and sea
Should but for once their pledge forget,
And softly whisper alone to thee,
"She loved thee then, she loves thee yet?"

—*Yellow and Blue.*

A TRIOLET.

The little bow of ribbon white
That in my desk lies snugly hid,
Recalls old scenes of gay delight,—
The little bow of ribbon white.
For from fair Annie, laughing sprite,
I stole it while she gently chid,—
The little bow of ribbon white
That in my desk lies snugly hid.

—*Dartmouth Lit.*

CHRIST CHURCH.

Old wooden church, with tower square and low—
Play-ground and graveyard meeting at thy gate,—
Standing these hundred years inviolate,
Alone unmoved amid the world's swift flow;
Beneath thy shade the playful children grow,
And youths, in silent prayer, oft contemplate
The sober thoughts thy cross or chimes relate:
How God is real within this world of show,
All else hath changed since men first raised thy walls,
But through the fleeting years, unaltered still,
Its message to mankind thy presence gives;
The truth to minds of all who pass recalls
That time destroys all works of human skill,
And God, alone unchanged, eternal lives.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

IN CAP AND GOWN.

In cap and gown I saw her go,
The daintiest sight the world could show;
The cap aslant, with mocking air,
The gown blown lightly here and there;
I watched her with my heart aglow.

Throughout the passing centuries slow,
In many garbs maids come and go.
Sweet souls! they had been twice as fair
In cap and gown.

O, Grecian girls, in robes of snow!
O, satin belles of long ago!
However gay your dress, or fair,
I tell you ye could not compare
With the new maid ye cannot know—
In cap and gown.

—*Bryn Mawr Lantern.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND. BY WILLIAM WINTER. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

The admiration for storied scenes and places seems to be a natural tendency of the mind. The halo of romance around beautiful historic landscapes, old castles and ivy-clad abbeys throws a deeper glory over them and makes them sacred even to the commonplace mind. In this consists the value of books of travel, that they reveal more or less of the inspiring beauty of the antique and the general enchantment of distance; that they bring the glory of the old house and venerable ruins more clearly than ever to the minds of the readers, and satisfy in a sense the desire for the romantic and beautiful. And certainly, to English-speaking people at least, there is no land more full of historic scenes than England, and especially Shakespeare's England and the province of Warwickshire. Through these places fraught with the interest of centuries Mr. Winter takes us in a series of descriptions which reveal not only English life, but that inner sympathy with scenes which constitute the very essence of books of travel. Primarily "it was his wish, in dwelling upon the rural loveliness and the literary and historical associations of that delightful realm, to afford sympathetic guidance to other American travelers who, like himself, might be attracted to roam among the shrines of the mother land." But he has done far more. He has not only furnished us with useful suggestions, but in leading us through Windsor, Westminster Abbey, Shakespeare's home, a haunt of Kean, Canterbury, Warwickshire, he has filled us with a new interest in the hallowed associations of that old land. The book is written in the graceful, easy, poetic style which characterizes all Mr. Winter's works. "Temperament," says he, "is the explanation of style," and he has written thus of England because she has filled his mind with beauty and his heart with mingled joy and sadness; and surely some memory of her venerable ruins, her ancient shrines, her rustic glens, her gleaming rivers and her flower-spangled meadows will mingle with the last thoughts that glimmer through his brain when the shadows of the eternal night are falling and the ramble of life is done. Such is the sentiment which fills all the book, and to say that "Shakespeare's England" is worthy of this sentiment, of its author, and of the scenes it describes, is the highest praise one could give.

ETHICAL TEACHINGS IN OLD ENGLISH LITERATURE. BY THEODORE W. HUNT. (NEW YORK: FUNK & WAGNALLS Co.)

The subject of this volume is not a popular one, but it is one of interest to all students of literature and to all who take any pleasure in training

the tendencies of early authorship. The names of Caedmon and Bede Layamon, Orm, Manderville, Gower, Wiclif and Caxton, have an anti-quarian flavor which is apt to frighten off the ordinary reader of to-day. True, these are the men who laid the foundation of our present literature. They are the thews and sinews of written English, and for this we owe them recognition and respect, but when it comes to digging into the foundations and dissecting the sinews, we shrink back from a work so tedious and so difficult, we doubt the practical benefit of such a course and leave the work instinctively to the scholar and critic, and if he can furnish us with the benefits of his labor without carrying us too much into its details, we welcome the gift and are thankful for it. This is something of what Prof. Hunt has done for us in his *Ethical Teachings*. He has chosen one of the inseparable and basal elements of early literature and has traced in a pleasant and easy way the stream of ethical teachings which runs with calm, pure current through the heart of the poetry and prose of the ten centuries preceding the more modern literary era. This is not light reading but neither is it heavy and wearisome. In its spirit and execution it is stimulating and inspiring. No one can finish the book without a sense of mental gain and without a true appreciation of what these much neglected were morally and intellectually. The style is clear and concise, perhaps a little too colorless. Frequent quotations illustrate what is being discussed, and bring us into closer relations with the various authors. The whole is neatly and tastefully put together.

THE SHADOWS OF THE STAGE. BY WILLIAM WINTER. (NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

This last of Mr. Winter's books is a collection of his criticisms on the American actors of the past thirty years. The opening chapter is entitled the "Good Old Times;" the author gives a sketch of the stage in the time of Shakespeare, and a comparison of the stage of fifty years ago and to-day. He believes that there are as many and talented authors to-day as then. He says that the admirer of the old school does not realize this, because, on account of the greater number of theatres now, the talent of the stage has become more widely diffused. He says that there is just as fine a sense of dramatic art in the community as ever existed in the "palmy days," and that the stage is keeping step with the progress of human thought in every direction, and will continue to advance. With this statement in view, Mr. Winter brings to our notice the great actors and actresses of the nineteenth century. He speaks first of Henry Irving and Ellen Terry, in *Faust*; then of Adelaide Neilson. Next he devotes a chapter to Edwin Booth. He tells of Jefferson and Florence in the old comedy, and pays a touching tribute to the memory of Mr. Florence. John McCullough is the subject of an interesting chapter. The author appropriately remembers Lawrence Barrett, and considers his death as an irreparable loss to the dramatic

profession. Of more current interest to the lovers of the stage are the criticisms of "The Forresters" and Ada Rehan. Among many other actors the author sketches the careers of Mary Anderson, Charlotte Cushman, Genevieve Ward, Richard Mansfield and Salvini. Mr. Winter certainly presents to us as great masters of the stage as there ever were. In his own words, "Let us recognize what is good in our own time, and honor and admire it with grateful hearts." The author's style is bright and attractive, and the book is full of pleasing criticism. The work is published in a charming little 18mo. edition, and is as pretty as it is unpretentious.

THE ODES AND EPODES OF HORACE. BY JOHN H. HAGUE.
(NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

We love to read of the life of Rome, the story of her victories, her grandness, her society and politics. Horace lived in her grandest days and his beautiful lyrics enter into the whole life of Rome. They touch on every subject that occupied the Roman mind. They weave themselves into the political, social and religious life. The translation of his odes into English verse by Mr. Hague is effected with rare skill; he has caught the genius and spirit of the grand Pagan poet.

CRANFORD. BY MRS. GASKELL. (NEW YORK: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This book is published in the "Knickerbocker Nugget" series and each of this series is a literary gem. This volume will be prized not only for its beauty, but for its unique character.

THE MASTER OF MAGICIANS. BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS AND HERBERT D. WARD. (NEW YORK AND BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

"The Master of Magicians" is a historical novel and makes no pretensions at being an archeological treatise. It takes up the story of the Babylonish captivity of the Jews and wreathes a romantic story about the life of Daniel. The Biblical narrative is made more attractive by the introduction of a side plot, namely the story of two lovers. Allit, Captain of Nebuchadnezzar's guard, and Lalitha, the daughter of the chief Astrologer, Mutusa-ili. Amyti, the unprincipled queen, attempts to lure Allit away from Lalitha and Daniel from his devotion. The story ends by the accidental death of the queen in the presence of Allit, who is proscribed as her murderer, but he escapes with Lalitha to Judea. Daniel always appears at critical points and adjusts some injury or turns aside some great calamity. He saves the lives of the thousand magicians by interpreting the dream of the king. At this point the story is somewhat dramatic. Daniel saves both the king and Allit from a cruel death at a lion hunt, and he rescues Lalitha from drowning.

The description of the king's madness is striking. The portrayal of Snaa, the daring university student, is especially fine. The book certainly gives a good insight into Oriental character and customs. The domestic and religious life of Babylon is described according to the most recent discoveries of modern Assyriologists. There is a halo thrown about the head of Daniel, making him almost divine, and a model in his manliness. There are some strained situations in the novel, but the action is notable for its continuity. The book inspires a deeper respect for Daniel, although some of his exploits are pure fiction. But in the events that coincide with the Bible narrative, he seems to merit all the more the title of "Master of the Magicians."

RELIGION FOR THE TIMES. BY LUCIEN CLARK, D. D. (NEW YORK: HUNT & EATON.)

This work of Dr. Clark's is not a treatise on the evidences of Christianity but contains well established proof of the practical value and truth of Christianity. He proves that the system is adapted to all classes in society and is of service to all. It is the chief corner-stone of the home, the State, the Church and the school. It is the weapon against "the foes of man in society." He certainly proves that Christianity is well adapted to our times in spite of the opinion of sceptics and liberal thinkers. An important part is on "Culture and Religion;" he says: "The mind applied exclusively to the study of science, mere intellectual culture, without religious principles, tends to atheism, materialism and rationalism." He closely connects Christianity and culture. He also argues that the Christian religion contains the best of ethics; he says: "Honest and thoughtful men have conceded to the Christian Scriptures the highest place among moral teachings." It is an able defense of Christianity. He says that if the religion of Christ should be correctly understood and intelligently practiced, things of this world need no longer be divided into secular and religious, for all would be religious. The book offers further a contrast to the so-called liberal publications of the month and has a wonderful mission of usefulness.

TRINITY VERSE. EDITED BY WILLIAM F. COLLINS AND RICHARD S. GRAVES. (HARTFORD, CONN: THE CASE, LOCKWOOD AND BRAINARD Co.)

A selection of poetry that has been published in the *Trinity Tablet* from 1869 to 1892. The editors have certainly culled out the best that has been published in the *Tablet*. It is representative college verse, light, sentimental and readable.

WHO LIES? BY EMIL BLUM AND SIGMUND B. ALEXANDER. (BOSTON: ARENA PUBLISHING Co.)

The "Model Nine" is composed of nine Harvard graduates, who have been close friends in college. Eight of them represent as many voca-

tions, and the story opens with them at their tenth annual reunion. The ninth man, Mr. Rust, comes in late to the banquet. He has just returned from abroad. He had spent ten years in study in the French and German universities and had imbibed the doctrines of Schopenhauer and Von Hartman. He is a man with a hobby, and like all other cranks has a pill for the earthquake. He says that all society is founded upon lies and that *all* evils are due to untruthfulness. Mr. Rust makes a thousand-dollar wager with each of his old friends that none of them can tell the truth for one week. The eight readily accept the terms and commence on the following day to win the wager. The body of the book is taken up with the first day's experience of each of the eight. It results disastrously to all, and on the same evening they seek to be released from the obligation. They are finally persuaded by the "philosopher" to tell the truth and to help in his crusade against lies.

That *Veretism* is a remedy for all social evils is hardly proven to the satisfaction of the reader. The book advocates realism in literature, socialism in politics, and the moral equality of the sexes. It shows a superficial knowledge of religion in general and Christianity in particular; it states that religion is either superstition or hypocrisy, and that love is sensuality. The book is bold, radical, and unjust on some subjects. In so far as their practical pessimism is concerned, the authors represent human nature far more truthfully than do optimistic enthusiasts. The method pursued in the book is unique and original. In places it exemplifies one of the unwholesome principles it advocates: "Realism in Literature."

THE ART OF CONVERSATION. BY J. P. MAHAFFY. (PHILADELPHIA: PENN PUBLISHING CO.)

The subject is treated in a scientific manner, and the book is thoroughly practical. The author draws an analogy between the art of conversation and the arts of logic and rhetoric. He then takes up the manner of conversation, first treating the subjective condition and next the objective. The little book is closed with a review of the matter of conversation. The author shows himself well acquainted with his subjects; and although he gives no examples the theory of conversation it is admirably presented.

ELSIE VENNER. BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

This charming story is too well known to need much description. It originally appeared as a serial in the *Atlantic Monthly*, under the title of "The Professor's Story." Its popularity, however, soon demanded that it should be published in book form, and the following year it appeared in a neat and handsome volume, under the title of "Elsie Venner," the name of the heroine of the story. The plot is unique and exciting as well as pathetic, the ending being different from that of the conventional

novel. The story is an interesting one from a medical point of view, being founded on the law of heredity. Throughout the work Dr. Holmes has shown great ability in the depiction of his characters; especially in the chapter devoted to the Colonel's party his happy descriptions and keen observation of the New England character is displayed. We are indebted to Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for a new and handsome edition of the work, edited in connection with a complete set of Dr. Holmes' works. The neat and tasty binding, with its gilt-edged leaves, would add quality to a shelf of books, while the large, clear type and careful editing of the book make it a volume to be enjoyed and appreciated.

NADA, THE LILY. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD. (NEW YORK: LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.)

The story of this book is told to the African traveler by the old hermit Mopo. As in "Allan Quatermain," it takes up the brave exploits of the warrior "Nunaloopogaa," and recounts his life before he met "Allan Quatermain." Nada, the Lily, is a white African beauty, and plays a rather incidental part in the story. The book is full of that improbable yet fascinating narrative of which the author is the master. The wild African scenery is presented to the reader in all its grandeur and rich coloring. The characters are taken from those barbarian tribes that have been ennobled by the pen strokes of Mr. Haggard. The style is in his usual easy narrative, and well adapted to an exciting story. The book contains twenty-three full-page illustrations, by C. H. M. Kerr, and is handsomely bound. It will be received with as much interest by the author's admirers as "She" and "Allan Quatermain."

BEOWULF. TRANSLATED BY JNO. LESSLIE HALL. (BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO: D. C. HEATH & Co.)

The poem of Beowulf stands as the highest monument of old English Literature. The wild spirit of the Saxons, their fierce thirst for war, their intense yearning for strong physical excitement, is seen in almost every line. Teutonic life is reflected so fully that we can almost see the old drinking halls and hear the merry din of the banqueters, the customs of war and the pleasures of the chase. The poem standing as it does the first great forerunner of our modern literature, should be studied by all lovers of our language. Prof. Hall's translation has the true merit of preserving the spirit of the poem, while it is faithful and true to the original. It is entirely worthy of the criticism of America's greatest Old English scholar. "A decided advance upon all other translations in our language." For those of us who do not care to devote time to the study of the Anglo-Saxon, Prof. Hall's book will be most acceptable.

JUSTICE: BEING PART IV OF THE PRINCIPLES OF ETHICS.

BY HERBERT SPENCER. (NEW YORK: D. APPLETON & CO. PP. VI, 291.)

A few decades back Mr. Spencer published the scheme of his Synthetic Philosophy, which is the most comprehensive system since Hegel. To the development of this, he has devoted the best energies of a busy life. He intended that all should culminate in his Ethics, which he regards as of chief importance. Hence, he published his Data of Ethics, Part I, in advance. He says, realizing that "health may permanently fail before I reach the last part of my task, I concluded that it would be best to begin with the part of most importance. Hence, passing over Part II, 'The Inductions of Ethics,' and Part III, 'The Ethics of Individual Life,' I devoted myself to Part IV, 'The Ethics of Social Life and Justice.'"

The work is a development from the standpoint of an evolutionist of human justice from sub-human justice.

Beginning with a Chapter on Animal Ethics, he points out the law of sub-human justice; namely, "that each animal receives the benefits and evils of its own nature and its consequent conduct." This applies to solitary animals. When we pass to gregarious animals, the law is qualified somewhat in that, in addition, each receives the benefits and evils of the conduct of some or all other individuals in the group; and, negatively, "each has to carry on his conduct subject to the restriction that it shall not greatly impede the conduct by which other individuals achieve benefits or bring injury on themselves." This necessity makes itself so felt, that punishments are inflicted on transgressors by other individuals or by the group.

This prepares the way for the chapter on human Justice,—“for human life from the evolutionary new point, is but a further development of sub-human life.” Human justice contains the same elements. From the necessity of individual subordination to the good of the species, there arises, by a process of mental adaptation, a feeling of obligation. Four influences bring about the subjective response to the requirements that each shall act within the limits imposed by the action of others: namely, dread of retaliation, fear of punishment, fear of social dislike, and dread of Divine vengeance. Thus arises the sentiment of Justice.

He then takes up the intuition of Justice and shows how it merges. In Chapters VIII to XXIX he explains the development of various rights which are deduced from the idea.

Like all of Mr. Spencer's works, the style and thought are clear. He marshals numerous and striking facts to verify his arguments. As an attempt to explain the origin and development of ethical ideas from a biological standpoint, it is a marvelous work, and one which no student of Philosophy should fail to study carefully.

THE EVOLUTION OF CHRISTIANITY. BY LYMAN ABBOTT, D. D.
(BOSTON AND NEW YORK: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

When some world pervading principle emerges into distinctness in the minds of men, it takes a century or more for it to permeate and become assimilated with the ancient modes of thought. Of such a nature was the age of reconstruction which followed after Kepler. Such is the period in which we live to-day. The idea of *growth*—of progressive development—of perpetual and continuous evolution, is taking the place of the chaotic and sporadic history of the universe in which men believed a century ago. The doctrine of evolution is now a well established fact. Thus Le Conte, one of the foremost Christian scientists of to-day, says "the words evolutionism and evolutionist ought not any longer to be used, any more than gravitationism and gravitationist; for the law of evolution is as certain as the law of gravitation." Evolution has given us a new philosophy, a new biology, a new sociology, a new geology, a new astronomy, and Dr. Lyman Abbott takes the ground that it will not have completed its work until it gives us a new *theology*.

Religion, he says, is the life of God in the soul of man. Revelation is merely the unveiling of man's soul, so that he may see God. It is universal, but reaches its highest manifestation in the Hebrew prophets. As man's mind expands, so does the revelation increase in power and beauty. The Bible is the history of the progressive revelation. God became incarnate in Jesus Christ, but not to restore men to a *lost* estate. Science shows that man has never fallen. When God came to this earth he did so to reveal to them the perfect ideal for the first time. "The atonement," Dr. Abbott believes, "is the burying of man and God together, uniting them, not as the river is united with the sea, losing its personality therein, but as the child is united with the father and the wife with the husband. The personality and individuality of man are strengthened and increased by the union."

Thus does Dr. Lyman Abbott aim to reconcile the Bible with modern knowledge. It is a noble attempt. He conserves the central truths of Christianity, but adapts them to the forms of nineteenth century thought. Dr. Abbott is one of those progressive men of whom halting humanity is in most need. He seeks the truth by testing it. The "Evolution of Christianity" will be enjoyed by all who exalt the spirit of religion over form and cant and creed.

THE IRREPRESSIBLE CONFLICT BETWEEN TWO WORLD
THEORIES. BY REV. MINOT J. SAVAGE. (BOSTON: ARENA
PUB. CO.)

Rev. Minot J. Savage, of Unity Pulpit, Boston, has just published a series of five lectures in reply to Dr. Abbott. They constitute a bold and powerful plea for theism. They are frank and candid, and free from bitterness. They are marked by the vigor of one who is firmly

convinced of the truth of his cause. They are pregnant utterances, full of suggestion. He says Dr. Abbott's position is untenable; that he tries to reconcile the irreconcilable; that the conflict between orthodoxy and evolution is irrepressible. Mr. Savage outlines the religion of the future, which he conceives to be a theism based on evolution. The following passage will give a hint of the beauty of his style and his general trend of thought:

"And what of the future? Does evolution cast a gloom over that? Does evolution take away the hope of heaven? O, friends, I find it hard to understand with what brains people think, with what hearts they feel, when they can even hint a comparison between the promises of the two. The old theory simply promises us a horror from which the sense of justice recoils, and which shrivels in its fires the tenderness of human hearts, even of those who are redeemed. Evolution does not take away heaven; it only wakens the race from the dreams of the horrors of the old heaven and the old hell. Evolution opens for us vistas of eternal progress, star-lighted pathways that lead on and on in light, in truth, in joy, in peace, in service, forever and forever."

THE BROGANZA DIAMOND. BY JAMES OTIS. (PHILADELPHIA: PENN PUBLISHING CO.)

The boy's story is now recognized as a separate and complete field of literature. Horatio Alger, Oliver Optic and the rest have shown to young minds a true literary taste, and have inculcated in them a desire for higher literature as they grow older. Mr. Otis in his latest story, "The Broganza Diamond," has given us a work worthy to be classed with Optic and Alger. The scene is laid in the South, opening with a view of Old Point Comfort. In the chapters on "A Cowardly Plot" and "An Unprovoked Assault," there is just enough spice of adventure to make the description interesting to a boy's mind. A mysterious plot serves to make the book still more readable. The search along the southern Atlantic coast for fragments of the great diamond, once the jewel of Spain, the cipher which reveals their whereabouts, the adventures and thrilling experience through which the heroes pass, will prove not only entertaining but stimulating to a boyish imagination.

LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE AIR. BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER. (NEW YORK AND BOSTON: HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.)

The bird-world has as many problems to engage its student as our own world of men has to occupy the philosopher. The lives, and shall we say characters? of the winged creatures form a branch of science that is interesting and delightful. It is in such a way that the author presents to us the "Little Brothers of the Air." The peculiarities and domestic lives of thirty or more birds are described. First, those about

Great South Bay, Long Island, are taken up, and then the dwellers in the "Black River Country" of New York State. The descriptions show close observation and patience. The author shows herself to be a lover of nature and an admirer of the feathered tribe. There is such a variety in her subjects, running from the thrush to the crow, from the goldfinch to the kingbird. There is naturalness in the descriptions and incidents. In a chapter entitled "In the Wood Lot," the author "relieves her mind" on the subject of despoliation of nature; in the cutting down of the old trees and the erection of barb-wire fences, at the expense of the old-fashioned zig-zag fences and vine-draped stone walls. The style is graceful and easy. The book makes no attempt at scientific and technical description. It is popular ornithology, and is especially adapted for young students of the science.

BALLADS AND BARRACK-ROOM BALLADS. BY RUDYARD KIPLING.
(NEW YORK: MACMILLAN & Co.)

The ballads of Mr. Kipling are of English romance and East Indian mysticism. His characters are nearly all taken from India, and about them is thrown an Oriental fascination. "The Ballad of the East and West" is an army incident. The "Last Sutte" is the story of the death of a Rayport King and a nautch girl who was killed at his funeral Pyre. The "Rhyme of the Three Captains" appears to refer to one of the exploits of the notorious Paul Jones, the American Pirate. "The Explanation" is the shortest and one of the best of the ballads. "The Gift of the Sea" is full of pathos, and "The English Flag" is a ballad of patriotism. The barrack-room ballads give a glimpse of English army life, and present some original and interesting characters. "Danny Deever" tells of the execution of a soldier; it shows a cold indifference to death. "The Young British Soldier" recounts the life of a soldier in India; it has a strong chorus, first of "Serve, serve, serve as a Soldier;" then, "Fight! fight! fight as a Soldier," and ends with—

"An' go to your Gawd like a soldier.
Go, go, go like a soldier.
* * * * *
So-oldier of the Queen."

All the songs are filled with patriotism and ring out for the praise of Her Majesty's troops. If one could hear these songs roared out by a crowd of British soldiers, he could better judge the poetical power of the author. The ballads are nothing if not natural; they are filled with the rugged expressions of soldiers and the rough figures of army life. His style is easy, unconventional and well suited to most of his themes. The ballads and barrack-room ballads in one volume give the reader an opportunity to notice the author's versatility and easy adaptation to widely different subjects.

CONFESSIONS OF A NUN. BY SISTER AGATHA. (PHILADELPHIA: JORDAN BROS.)

This book pictures the inner life of an Italian convent. Some startling revelations are made. It is an attack upon the whole system and exposes the true inwardness of convent life. Many stories are incidentally and unnecessarily brought in the main narrative. The position of the recluse and celibacy are attacked from the standpoint of their unnaturalness. It is realistic to a fault and gives the reader a dismal view of the nunnery. The style has no special merit, as it is plain and narrative. The discussions are "lugged" in and establish nothing very clearly. The author seems to have told the truth, however, and that is its one important merit.

THE ERL QUEEN. BY NATALY VON ESCHSTRUTH. (NEW YORK: WASHINGTON CO.)

The "Erl Queen" is introduced in a forest scene. She is then a little girl, Ruth von Altingin, and is playing as the "Erl Queen." There she meets Norbert de Faugonlème, a young man about to sail as a cadet. He gallantly carries her over a forest stream. The life of Norbert is one of naval successes; he is cadet, lieutenant and then captain. At last he returns to the capital as a friend of Prince Leopold. Ruth, on the other hand, leads a quiet life, and becomes an intimate friend of Norbert's grandmother. Ruth is Baroness of Altingin, and comes out in society at the city. She displays an indifference to the conventions of society that is amusing and surprising. While here, she meets Norbert again, this time as a friend of the Prince. At last the Baroness goes back to the castle, where M. Sangonlème surprises her by his appearance. This time he has won fame for himself and has been left a large fortune. Years before he had made love to Ruth, but this time the mistress of Altingin makes love to him. The character of Ruth is the charm of the story. She is independent and original, and displays a delightful ingenuousness. The Prince Leopold is like Ruth in his disregard of conventionality. The book contains some further descriptions of forest, and is good in delineation of society life. The book is translated from the German by Emily S. Howard, and has photogravure illustrations by C. R. Grant.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF FIRST ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE ON UNIVERSITY EXTENSION. COMPILED BY GEORGE FRANCIS JAMES. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.)

This Convention was held in Philadelphia, December 29-31, 1891, and was attended by delegates from twenty States. This volume gives the proceedings of the Convention and publishes the addresses in full and some of the remarks upon all the papers. The volume indicates the

enormous growth of this society and marks out clearly its line of work. The address of welcome was given by Provost Pepper, of University of Pennsylvania. The delegates of the Conference were addressed by Hon. Wm. T. Harris, U. S. Commissioner of Education, Bishop John H. Vincent, Prof. Edmund J. James, President of the American Society, and many others. University extension evidently fills a place in American education and has a wonderful field of usefulness. The different phases of the scheme were presented and plans elaborated for future work. Besides the addresses, a report of the American Society of University Extension is published. It includes an outline of the courses, a table of results, names and addresses of local secretaries, comparative statistics, and a list of the delegates of the Conference. The volume closes with a report of University Extension work in New York, and announcements of the society and of the Seminary which will begin in October.

THE ETHICS OF MUSIC. BY EDITH V. EASTMAN. (BOSTON: DAME-
NELL AND UPHAM.)

This little volume contains four lectures that were delivered by the author before the Harmony Class of the Philadelphia Musical Academy. First lecture is called "Art as Affected by Character." It is a plea for conscientiousness and faithfulness in the musical profession. The second is entitled "Legitimate Uses of Music," the third "Character as Affected by Art," and the last lecture is called "Fashion and Taste in Music." As it claims for itself, the volume contains "plain facts for students." She insists upon all those things that go to make up the thorough musician, the conscientious scholar and the well-rounded artist. There seems to be not that finish in the style that such a theme ought to command. In the first two lectures the author quotes copiously from Ruskin's "Modern Painters." The object of the work is to present the necessity for moral culture in the musical art.

A POOR GIRL. BY W. HUMBURG. (NEW YORK: WORTHINGTON CO.)

The novels of Humburg give us pretty pictures of German life. "A Poor Girl" is the story of Elsa Von Hegebach. She falls in love with a young musician in the army, Bernardi. On the advice of a friend he leaves Elsa, because both of them are poor. Herr Von Hegebach plans that his daughter shall marry a distant cousin, a rich Baron, and on his death-bed betroths them. Elsa is still attached to her Bernardi, and in order to avoid marrying the Baron, goes to a Moravian convent. Her aunt tries to get her to come back home and remove her resolve, but is unsuccessful. The Baron releases Elsa from the engagement, and one year afterwards adopts young Bernardi as the sole heir to his estate. The story ends with a love scene, in which Elsa and Bernardi are the

actors. Several of the characters are well drawn; Mrs. Von Ratenow represents the stolid and stubborn type of German character. Lili is sketched as a sentimental little school-girl, and Elsa as a timid and lovable young woman. The novel has many touching little incidents, and gives a good view of German society. The author has brought out all parts of the story, which, although simple in itself, is made interesting throughout. The book is translated by Elsie L. Lathrop, and is illustrated with photogravures.

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